9 ...

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. VIII. MAY & JUNE, 1934 No. 3

Moonlight

O'er the meadows leaping,
Moonbeams go:
Thro' the woodlands purling,
Streamlets flow.

Shadows deftly darting,
Greet and pass,
Dark'ning o'er the dewy,
Moon-glossed grass.

Skies on high are mellow
With pale beams:
Earth rests like a drowsy
Land of dreams.

Wonders strange within men,
And without:
Where shall wonders end, when
Life goes out?

Herbert Porter.

SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

By the Rev. A. B. Johnston, Principal, Noble College, Masulipatam.

(*Continued from the previous issue*).

So far, we have been considering *King Lear*. The other great tragedies *Hamlet, Macbeth*, and *Othello* also show us a world, which produces evil, but which cannot rest until the evil is purged away.

In *Hamlet*, the murderous king, has to go, even though many others perish too, Hamlet, Gertrude, Laertes, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. The cost is not nicely calculated by a mechanical poetic justice. In *Macbeth*, Macbeth's evil ambition brings a great warrior to ruin, and Macduff slays him as heaven's instrument of vengeance. In *Othello*, Tago lets loose his evil desires and purposes, bringing Roderigo, Desdemona, Othello, and Emilia to their deaths, but he is also eliminated at last, and his world is free to continue in health and peace. In the great tragedies, the villains do not repent; they go to the limit and perish. There is something magnificent in their relentless purposes. We feel that, if there were a change in the citadel of their personalities, they could be magnificently strong benefactors, instead of terrifying evil doers.

In Shakespeare's latest plays, *Cymbeline, A Winter's Tale*, and the *Tempest*, there is a new key-note. As Prof. Dowden said long ago, reconciliation is the word for all. Iachimo, the villain in *Cymbeline*, repents and is forgiven and lives So we have romance and happy ending instead of tragedy. In *A Winter's Tale*, the children achieve the conciliation of parents. In the *Tempest*, Prospero shows a divine spirit of forgiveness. And in that play, it is generally argued that Shakespeare makes his farewell to the drama and the stage, when he makes Prospero say:

'But this rough magic
I here abjure; and when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.'

And the epilogue closes:

'Now I *want* black
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which praises so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.'

Only a spiritual mind would close like that.

The *Tempest* is a story of perfect forgiveness and reconciliation between the Duke of Milan, Prospero, and Alonzo, the king of Naples, who had helped Antonio, Prospero's brother, to usurp his dukedom. The reconciliation is perfected in the marriage of the son of one with the daughter of the other. So Prospero makes all happy by loving his enemies; and we can surely see the soul of gentle Shakespeare in him. The spirit of the *Sermon on the Mount* was Shakespeare's final interpretation of life.

Of course his work is permeated with the language and ideas of the Bible, and with allusions to Biblical characters. Hermione in A *Winter's Tale* says:

'If powers divine behold our human actions as they do, I doubt not then but innocence shall make false accusation blush.'

When old Adam in *As you like it* gives Orlando the savings of his life, he says:

'Take that: and *He that doth the ravens feed*,
Yea, providently *caters for the sparrow*,
Be comfort to my age.'

In *Henry VIII*. Queen Katherine, addressing the two cardinals, says:

'Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge that no king can corrupt.'

Henry VI. says:

'O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee.'

Again:

'Now God be praised, that to believing souls,
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.'

The most famous passage on divine forgiveness is, of course, in the *Merchant of Venice,* from Portia's immortal speech on mercy.

Surely it is, again, the voice of Shakespeare, when Hamlet says:

'What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep, and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse—
Looking before and after—gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To rust in us unused.'

Shakespeare has many references to Christ's redemption in his plays, which may be compared with his last will and testament: 'First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator; hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting.'

Again, King Richard II speaks of

'The world's ransom, blessed Mary's son.' *In King Henry IV, part 1,* the king speaks of

'Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.'

In *Measure for Measure,* good Isabella speaks to the wicked Lord Deputy, Angelo, thus:

'Alas! Alas!
Why, all the souls, that are, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new-made.'

Wolsey's final charge to Cromwell was:

'Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and Truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.'

Hence, we have duty to God, to our neighbour, to our country; renunciation of self; love of enemies; the practical study of truth, of justice, of integrity, of peaceableness; Christian thoughts close-packed.

Hamlet preaches purity to his mother; and he probably voices Shakespeare's own sense of the mysterious wonder of human life, when he says:

'Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.'

Probably, as Shakespeare, the successful play-wright and actor-manager patronised by the court, looked back to the small town he once was at, Stratford-on-Avon, he felt that Providence had watched over his life.

Shakespeare's sense of the armour of righteousness comes out again and again in his plays.

Brutus says to Cassius:

'There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not!'

Compare *King Henry VI, 2nd Part:*

'What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, tho' locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.'

We see this exemplified also in Edgar and Edmund in *King Lear*. In the same play, Albany says:

'Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant.'

And Hamlet sums it up:

'Conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native due of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cost of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.'

Even Richard III, for all his wickedness, confesses that his sin has found him out:

'O coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me!
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.'

Richard III did not repent, but fought to the death, and was killed.

But in *Measure for Measure* Shakespeare shows us the truly repentant Julia:

'I do repent me *as it is an evil,*
And take the shame with joy.'

In *King Lear*, we have the sense that sin finds men out:

'Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.'

Compare the book of *Proverbs:*

'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy.

In *Hamlet* we see also the necessity for restitution and amendment, the sense that regret, while clinging to the sin, is not repentance.

The King speaks:

'What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To make it white as snow? Where-to serves mercy
But to comfort the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder?
That cannot be, since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned and retain the offence?'

He cannot bring himself to give up the fruits of his murder, and he feels his is a hollow show of repentance unless he does give them up. Shakespeare knew as well as any Christian the cost of repentance in restitution and amendment. He teaches forgiveness too, instead of revenge.

In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, we read:

'Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is not of heaven, nor earth, for these are pleased;
By penitence, the Eternal's wrath's appeased.'

Mark Antony speaks of the blinding power of sin, which destroys man's clear judgment.

'When we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O a misery on't) the wise gods *seal* our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.'

King Henry VI, when he is stabbed in the Tower, says, forgiving his murderer,

'O, God forgive my sins and pardon thee.'

It is very like the *Lord's prayer*: 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us.'

As Portia says:

'We do pray for mercy: and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy.'

In *Henry VI, 2nd part,* Shakespeare writes,

'Blessed are the peace-makers on earth; and in *Coriolanus,* Volumnia, his mother says: 'Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man still to remember wrongs?'

This was the spirit, in which Prospero finished his course on the enchanted isle in the *Tempest,* the spirit of the gentle Shakespeare, who is the greatest poet, the most philosophical and the most spiritual, take him for all in all, that the world has ever seen.

The greater the theme, the more surely does Shakespeare rise to it. He is less only than the greatest of all. As Charles Lamb once said: 'If Shakespeare came into the room, we should all stand up; if Jesus Christ came in, we should all kneel down.'

I have work to do.

The prophet Mohammad, who gave his life to teaching his people and had no care for ease and riches, once slept on a hard mat; and, when he arose, his skin was marked by the fibres and knots of his couch.

And a friend said, 'Oh Messenger of God! This was too hard a bed for you; and, if you had ordered, I would gladly have spread a soft couch for you to rest on.'

The prophet answered, 'A soft bed is not for me. I have work to do in the world. I take rest when the body demands rest, but only as a horseman, who reins up his horse for a little while under the shadow of a tree, that so he may take a little shelter from the heat of the sun; but soon he passes on his way.'

'I have work to do in the world,' said the prophet.

From—*The Treasure chest.*

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AND IDEALS AND DIVORCE PRACTICES IN POLAND.

By Madame Mary Piechocka, Polard.

[Madame Mary Piechocka, who has so kindly contributed this article for us, and whose picture we re-produce, is the wife of an ex-cabinet minister (Minister of Justice) of Poland. She is a woman, who has travelled extensively and at present is engaged in writing her own memoirs. The present article is not meant, we are told, to injure or offend any section. In one of her recent letters, she says, "I wish to say that in our country women in general are not in very high consideration and that their duties are not duly appreciated; nor are they themselves conscious of their serious task; they are satisfied with what they have, with what they do and what they are, thoughtless dolls, and as such they do not consider their situation as slavery. They would be astonished if you should tell them they are slaves. That is what stings me most of all, that they have so little consideration for themselves and so little self-respect. It may be a mistake of mine to have written the article from the point of view of the few exceptions, the rebels who suffer hard from those conditions; but I think that, in spite of their rarity, such are the very representatives of true womanhood, not only in Poland, but throughout the world. I was delighted with Rabindranath Tagore's lecture on the part meant for women in future society—the part which I want also for the women in my country."

We thank the lady for her article, which I am sure will point somewhat of a moral to the backward women of India.]

When speaking about the marriage ideals of our country, it is impossible to omit the customs and usages of pre-war times, because such are still alive in the more advanced section of our society. The generation, which married at that time, is now the dominant element in customs and opinions, being in the prime of its strength and consequently imposing its opinion upon the rest of society.

It is sad to note that, in Poland, as in many other countries in Europe, marriage is a matter of business. The bride's gift or dowry forms the chief factor in the choice of a young man, and not love, attraction or sympathy. Of course, I am not speaking of the few exceptions, which fortunately are appearing more and more often; I speak of the general rule, although even this seems to have considerably improved after the war.

In pre-war time, it was the general rule that a young man, in debt or wishing to improve his situation, made enquiries about the probable marriage gift of a young girl; and, if he judged that that would be sufficient for him, he started his courtship, by asking the girl's parents whether they would like him to call on them. The issue of the matter in most cases depended on the parents' answer. If they wished, they asked the girl's opinion and if her reply was an affirmative one, there was considered to be a sort of engagement. But it happened very often too, that the parents did not ask the girl's opinion, treating her as a nonentity and imposing on her an entirely passive role. In both cases, the young girl's situation was a very difficult one. In the first event, knowing neither the character nor the temper of her future life-companion, having met him once or twice at a ball, she had to decide, whether she wished to marry him or not. In the second case, she followed obediently her parents' wish and in both cases it might have been considered a most joyful surprise

Madame Mary Piechocka, Poland.

Mrs. H. P. P. Rodrigues, B.A., L.T., winner of the Raja of Ramnad cup in the Annual Mangalore Ladies' Club tennis tournament, which ended on 2nd April 1934.

Two Pionner Women Municipal Commissioners

Mrs. AMENA KHATUN, the first woman to be elected a Commissioner of the Jessore (Bengal) Municipality.

Miss KATHLEEN VINE, the first woman to be nominated a Member of the newly-constituted Municipal committee of Amritsar.

(*Photos:—Indian News Agency, Sriıangam.*)

if their future home-life turned out to be a happy one. Unfortunately, this was rarely the result, for in most cases both parties were deeply unhappy, their home-life being a ceaseless series of quarrels and deceits, which sometimes ended in a scandal. Very often however, there was one of the parties, who chose to suffer in silence, for the sake of the children. I suppose it is not necessary to mention, that in most cases it was the wife, who decided to undergo mental suffering, whilst the husband consoled himself outside home.

Let us now enter a little into the girl's mentality. The level of her education was not very high in pre-war time. After having finished with school and moreover having read some romantic novels, she sentimentally idealised the knight of her heart, and very often her longing for him was so great and so strong that the first aspirant to her hand seemed to her to be the realisation of her dreams; and perhaps this illusion facilitated her decision, when asked for. In some cases, however, when the girl had her sense of criticism rather developed, her parents tried to persuade her, that love never existed in reality, but was merely a production of unsound minds and chiefly to be found in novels; and that therefore life had to be taken as it was, reasonable, practical, and devoid of sentiment. Such reasonings naturally often took root in a young mind; and a girl's life was often sacrificed to satisfy her parents. Many a girl also married, because she had nothing else to do. Usually she was trained only in domestic work, which she learned from her mother or in special domestic science schools, and she had nothing to do but to wait for a husband. Marriage was to her, not only the only means to acquire a position in society, but also to get a home for herself and be independent of her parents. Sometimes perhaps, she wished to satisfy her longings for children. There were some girls, however, who took up social work to fill their leisure, and those were perhaps the least in haste to get married.

And what was the ideal of marriage for the bridegroom? Besides the improvement of his financial situation, a man required in his wife, not only a good house-keeper, but also an excellent cook, as well as an efficient nurse to care for him, considering himself the only important person in the family, because he was the wage-earner. He did not appreciate his wife's work at home, because nobody paid for it. Of course, he was pleased if his wife was pretty, not for his own pleasure, but for satisfying his vanity. Many women became accustomed to such a life, particularly those, whose ideals of home-life did not reach very high, and who were therefore satisfied that their lives and thoughts should be limited to the petty events of domestic life. And such unions were called happy marriages. Yet, there were exceptions, not very frequent but still a few, where the wife had broader ideas on life, where her thoughts rose higher, when her mind wished communication with another mind, when she wanted understanding and friendship, when all her nature cried for love and sought to give her love to a human being, who would appreciate it and return it with the same strength. In such cases, the home was often a theatre of desperate struggles, which not seldom resulted in a supreme tragical end. Even her unlimited love for her children did not suffice for such a woman. If her desire for an ideal love was not satisfied, she became nervous and this nervousness increased with her years, so that sometimes, when about forty, she fell into some mental disturbance, which was usually labelled hysteria and was ignored by the husband, as well as by other people, as ridiculous!

In such cases, divorce should have been allowed, without prolonging conjugal life to that result. Unfortunately, it was not very easy to get a divorce. I wished to write only about marriage-usages and divorce-practises, without commenting on the law of marriage; but I find that a brief notice of the law of marriage is necessary to prove the difficulties, which confronted any couple desiring divorce. The law of marriage was not equalised in Poland. In that part of the country, which was under German government

for a century, the Germans introduced their own jurisdiction which was, in some regards, vital till lately. There were double formalities to perform in connection with each wedding; the civil marriage, which was not recognised by the Catholic Church, and the church marriage, neither of which was of value to the other. The law was to conclude first the civil wedding, which made the couple appear as husband and wife before law, and afterwards to celebrate the ceremony at church, for them to appear as husband and wife in religion. So it was with divorce. If a couple wished for divorce, they had to have the permission both of the law and of the church. The divorce in law was not difficult to acquire, if both parties agreed; most often the husband taking on him the charge either of unfaithfulness or bodily offence It was more difficult when one of the parties did not agree to the divorce and provided difficulties and obstacles, thus bringing the most intimate details of conjugal life into court. Again, there were the children to consider. As the law in Poland favoured the man, in most cases he was awarded the right of keeping his children with him, which was very hard for the mother.

In that part of Poland, which was not under German government, there existed only the church marriage, which was valuable for church as well as for law. Consequently, there was no other institution or office to be appealed to in divorce cases. But the church divorce was impossible to obtain, as the Catholic Church by principle does not recognise divorce at all, except in a few extraordinary cases.

Recently, the Polish Government issued a new law of marriage, which is more indulgent towards women and which tries to abolish the church marriage and consequently to facilitate the proceedings of divorce; but, as the Poles are an essentially Catholic nation and as such excessively conservative, there is great indignation about it in society. I cannot deny that post-war conditions have brought some release of customs, together with more liberal and socialistic principles. Young girls are better educated; many of them are studying at universities; they have more liberty; they are almost quite independent of their parents. But I notice that whereas the pre-war girl was too much under her parents' wardship, the post-war girl often misuses her liberty and sometimes falls into a deplorable situation. Accordingly, cases of divorce appear more and more often; and since divorce always scandalises a certain section of society, which prefers a woman to be psychically tortured to death, rather than be divorced, neither a divorced nor a remarried woman after divorce is received in society, or even in her own family often. It is certain that such absurd prejudices will last in our country for long years.

I mentioned above, that church-divorces are impossible to obtain. So the couple wishing for divorce must be content to be divorced only in the civil state office, and if they want to marry somebody else, to have only the civil wedding; because the church, not having granted them their divorce, would refuse them another marriage; or else, if they wish to get married also at church, they must change their religion and celebrate the ceremony at a Protestant or at a Russian orthodox Church.

The younger generation is, therefore, happier than the older one, for young girls are more free to choose their own life-companions; and, if they are mistaken in their choice, they will be able when they grow serious enough, to impose on society their own opinions in order to repair their first mistakes. But this change does not mean at present the improvement and the enlargement of the ideals of home-life. Many young girls are studying at universities and prepare themselves for professions, which formerly were the lot of men only, and, after marrying, they work on in their professions in order to enlarge their incomes. Time has proved that this idea is not quite bad, especially in these hard times, when men's salaries have been lowered so considerably. But, whilst carrying on their own careers, none of these busy women, who have got

children, think of their duties to them; forgetting, that their first and most sacred duty is to give themselves to the task of bringing them up and only after that to be free to dispose of their time otherwise. On the other hand, a mother, having a profession whether as physician, lawyer or dentist, is compelled to spend almost the whole day out of the house, or at any rate she is so occupied as to have no time to look after her children, and she is obliged to leave the care of them to nurses, who are not by any means as perfect in our country, as in England.

How much more regrettable is the situation, when the mother leaves her home, not to earn money, but for the sake of amusement. Unfortunately, however, such cases are very, very numerous; the father occupied the whole day in his profession, and the mother running about in the cafes, the stores, the streets, in order to flirt, to chatter, to gossip, to see new dresses, to show off her own costumes. Unfortunately, there is very little love, friendship or understanding, between married couples. And there is, moreover, no liking or taste for any noble subject, such as art, literature, or music; no higher aspirations and no larger ideas!

Such are the pictures of pre-war and post-war marriages. Neither the one nor the other are apt to bring up and educate the new generation, to be of real value; for the most important education of a human being, acquired in his very first years of life in his home, which will last him his whole life in spite of later influences, is not seen to.

Yet, we find one consolation. I have spoken so far of the majority, which gives the tone to society, a considerable majority to tell the truth; but there is still the minority, not very much, but it exists, which does not take part in a thoughtless life, but which is aware of the high tasks men and women have to aim at, and of the serious duties everybody has to fulfil in the family. May heaven ordain that the influence of this minority will be strengthened and spread over those who do not seem to understand the real meaning of life.

(Submitted through Govindlal D. Shah, Ahmedabad).

The Editor, I. L. M. undertakes no responsibility as to the views expressed here.

The Quiet Hour

Lord, ere I start upon another day
I kneel to thee, and in these words I pray,
If I should fail in that for which I strive
Grant from that failure, good I may derive.

And if I should succeed, then grant to me,
In that success, Thy guiding hand to see.
But, whether my affairs go right or wrong,
Grant me, oh Lord, the grit to carry on.

From The Nursing Journal of India.

MIRA DEVI

After seeing *Raj-Rani Mira,* the Cinema production in which Mrs. Khotte is acting in the main character, I have been inspired to write a short, descriptive sketch of Mira, not because she is a great poetess, not even because she is a great *Bhakta*, but because she is a true woman who can be taken as an ideal example by the women of our generation.

Mira was born in 1504 A.D. in a small village, named Chokadi, in the family of Ratansigh, who was the kind and benevolent king of the country. Once it happened that Mira's mother escaped from an arduous marriage ceremony to worship in the temple, which had been specially constructed for her personal use. Mira, looking for her mother, saw her worshipping, and said to her, "Mother, shall I also have to marry? If so, where is my husband?" The mother kissed her daughter and indicating the idol of the God Thakorji said, "Here is your husband." As Mira was a small girl, she took the words of her mother as true and thenceforward always thought of God as her real husband.

The voice of Mira was very musical and pleasant to the ears, and she composed, we are told, small poems even in her childhood and sang the same before the public, which was attracted by them and showered words of praise upon her.

At the age of 15, she was married to Bhoj-Raj, a very prominent and brave king of Marwar. This marriage was against her wishes, because she thought that she had already been married to the God Thakorji, but she consented to it, not wishing by a refusal to hurt her beloved parents.

It was said, however, that when the ceremony of marriage was performed and Mira was ordered to walk round her husband, she went back to her house and walked round her God instead, singing prayers. After the marriage, Mira according to the *Shastras* was sent to her husband's house with many words of advice, which had no effect on her; for, thinking that it would be quite inconvenient for her to pray to Thakorji at the house of her husband, she became so worried that she actually swooned and fell unconscious to the ground.

Mira's husband died after a short five years, and Mira was treated as a witch, whose arrival in the state had killed the king. She was ordered not to worship Thakorji, but she persisted, saying:

"I have my God and God alone; nobody else and nobody else." Mira's mother-in-law, thereupon, drove her away from the palace, and she was ordered to reside in a small hut, especially constructed for her. Mira, however, thought this advantageous to her, for it would enable her to pray and discuss holy matters with *Sadhus* and *Yogis.* She assembled many such around her, saying:

"I have forsaken shame by sitting near
Sadhus,
And this matter is known to each and
everybody,
I have God and God alone and nobody
else."

Thinking that it would be shameful to the state to tolerate such action on Mira's part, plans were made to kill her, information of which was brought to Mira by her company of Sadhus. But Mira replied, "What can the king do to me? He at the most can drive me out of the State; but if God is angry with me, He can kill me."

The new king, in an angry mood, sent a deadly serpent to Mira with a message; "Ranaji has sent a garment of flowers to you, as he is pleased very much by your constant worship." Mira Bai opened the box, singing prayers, and saw the dreadful snake, but not being afraid took it in her hands and wrapped it round her neck. The snake did not injure her, because she was quite sinless

More vexed now than ever, Ranaji sent a cup of poison for Mira to drink. Mira drank it, looking upon it as *Amrut* (nectar); and even that did not injure the sinless one.

Then, the infuriated Ranaji proclaimed in the kingdom that any Sadhu, found in the residence of Mira, would be put to death.

Once, Mira was talking with the idol of her God, in a loud voice. This was heard by the police outside and the king was told that Mira was speaking to somebody inside the *Mandir*. Rana, hearing this, at once ran to the house of Mira and ordered her to open the doors of the house. She did so, and he asked her with whom she had been talking. Mira replied, "With my Thakorji!" Ranaji said, "Where is your Thakorji?" Mira said calmly "Here is he"; and Ranaji returned to his palace with a darkened face.

Mira, upon this, thought it advisable to go on pilgrimage, in order to free herself from such cruel troubles. She did so, and what happened to her after that is not known.

Her compositions and poems are very familiar to Indians, particularly to the Hindus, having been translated into many vernaculars and being sung with much delight everywhere. Therefore, though she is dead, her memory is still green in the living present.

DEVADATTA I. TRIPATHI

EDITORIAL NOTES

(1) Marriage and its dangers

While reading a modern novel, I came across a comparison between marriage and a car. If a car went very wrong, there must be one of two explanations; either the car was not a good one, and could not be made to run easily and smoothly; or the man at the wheel was not a competent driver. But, a good car is easy to manage, even by an inexperienced driver. "Ordinary skill should suffice. One should not have to be a genius." And, if a certain make of car gave trouble to every-one, the fault must lie with the machine, which would therefore, have to be abandoned. Marriage is like that, especially in modern days, giving trouble to almost everyone. Most people mismanage it; and so the conclusion cannot be easily avoided that there must be something "imperfect and inadequate" with the institution itself, or at least the interpretation of it.

If a marriage did go wrong in former days, the couple did not wish to abandon their contract, but tried to make the best of it. "Marriage must have changed a good bit, my dear, since the time your mother and I entered on that step," said an old man to his daughter. "Things did not have to be so bright. People were not so infernally restless. You are all spoilt children" Now, the theory is: "I don't think it's absolutely necessary to consider yourself shut up in a condemned cell with one person, because you're married." And this standard of laxity is carried so far that the accusation of being sex-mad, is not laid, as it ought to be, on the immoral man, but on the loyal and, therefore, jealous husband and wife.

And therefore, since the modern age dictates that the individual must not be repressed or allowed to stagnate, marriage, after some time, ceases to be a holy sacrament Yet, the fact remains that very often the couple veer round to each other and enjoy renewed happiness. In India, there is very little thought of separation, even if the marriage proves unhappy. Most wives shut their eyes to the infidelities of their husbands, taking them as a matter of course. To them, it is enough to be regarded as the senior wife, to whom most respect is given, and of that there is no lack. In most Indian homes, it is, as the *Mahabharata* says: "Honour, good treatment, and everything else which is agreeable, should all be given

to the maiden whose hand is taken in marriage. Her father and brothers and father-in-law and husband's brothers should show her every respect and adorn her with ornaments. Women should always be adored and treated with love. Where women are treated with honour, the very gods are said to be propitiated. Where women are not adored, all acts become fruitless. If the women of a family, on account of the treatment they receive, indulge in grief and tears, that family soon becomes extinct. Manu, on the eve of his departure from this world, made over women to the care and protection of men. Women are deities of prosperity. The person that desires affluence and prosperity should honour them. By cherishing women, one cherishes the goddess of prosperity herself, and by afflicting her, one is said to pain the goddess of prosperity." This kind of feeling tends much to keep the home together. But, as times are advancing, the Indian wife is getting very much like the Western wife, and all the problems of marriage of the other woman will soon be hers.

The question therefore arises, as to whether a marriage, having ceased to be a holy bond, is to be considered a marriage at all. The ethics of the problem are too deep to go into here. The fact remains, however, that some people find it impossible to continue together in a desecrated marriage-bond. One cannot rebuke them. There are others, we have seen, who are more tolerant. To them, though one may disagree with them, some suggestions can be made.

It is so easy to get bored at home, especially if marriage has come to mean a steady, quiet, affectionate companionship; for there can be no sense of adventure or exploration, when one has got to know the other well. Home becomes casual, with nothing in it new, stimulating, unfamiliar, or variegated. Routine becomes wearisome, "day after day the same, till half life becomes an acknowledged process, to be taken for granted."

Matters become complicated, when there is constant espionage between couples,—"sitting (separated, but prudently adjacent) at dull dinner parties; talking (not to each other; but practically within earshot) to suitably uninspiring, and often similarly inhibited, persons in drawing-rooms, on lawns, or at public ceremonies and performances; going together; coming home together; always within hail; always within sight; always going and coming, and being, in one another's society; inhabiting, as it were, an impalpable little cell for two in the vast surrounding world." Therefore, variety is necessary and a certain amount of trusting freedom. In the novel referred to above, I came across the following ten rather desirable commandments of marriage:

(1) You shall place the other before anyone else.
(2) You shall tell the other everything that matters.
(3) You shall not neglect the other.
(4) You shall not put the other to shame.
(5) You shall not treat home as a place where all decencies and courtesies can be discarded.
(6) You shall only lie to the other when it is for the other's sake.
(7) You shall be reasonable in small things.
(8) You shall not argue about money.
(9) You shall spare the other's feelings.
(10) You shall really try to make a success of living together.

Such rules certainly seem a safe guide; though a few curious things must be noted; "you shall tell everything *that matters*; you shall *only* lie when it is for the other's sake; you shall be reasonable *in small things*"———the words in italic will explain what I mean.

A natural, but foolish, characteristic of marriage, which ought to be avoided as much as possible, is jealousy; though jealousy is the godly attribute of true love. "Did one," asks the wronged wife in the novel, "make oneself more attractive by being foolish, interfering, nagging, all the things, which marked the jealous wife?" Obviously not.

Tact is much needed in a home, even with the truest of love. In modern days,

"husbands, as a tribe, fell into two classes, the tame and the wild. Without approximating to the worshipper of the high-percentage male man, the woman did not want a tame dog for her companion down the path of life. She was prepared for the results of her throwing in her lot with a healthy and imaginative human being." How then should a married woman re-act when another woman captures the friendship of her husband? The conventional woman feels the instinct to protect him as a tiger guards its prey. The more advanced woman has a feeling that the husband should not be regarded as a slave, or a piece of property. The heroine in our novel "had in her character a strong prejudice against slavery; and she did not see why she should abandon this prejudice because she resolved to try to live her life with one particular young man. Neither she, nor he, (said her untutored opinion) should be a slave. Neither should, so to speak, have a property in the other, soul, or body." This is not an easy position to take; for it needs a very broadminded woman to stand the strain. But such a woman, though she knows that the principle is wrong, feels "that in some shape or form a certain amount of infidelity is extraordinarily common in married life, especially among husbands. And, where infidelity exists, ignorance, to the betrayed party, is usually bliss."

From this latter conclusion to the corollary that sometimes a little judicious blindness might be a good thing is only a short step. The wife can be so fond of her husband as not to let him go altogether. He is too much a part of her life. She still wants to take care of him, to mother him. Therefore all that she can do is to gather courage and set her life in some sort of order again. "What one ought to do, obviously, is to try to win back one's husband's love; to make oneself appreciated if possible, plainly indispensable; to show that home can be as pleasant a place as anywhere else, particularly somewhere else. Something seems to come instead of passion, after a time, to a woman; something deeper and quieter and warm and comfortable, instead of hot and agitating. And so I think it's somehow easier for a woman to stick to a man, once she's got the habit of him, as it were."

And so when the husband comes back, the wife may be able to forgive him, glad to feel that the real man, who could not bear to leave her, has come back to her; for after all, 'passion is not nearly so important as other things, as even the other feeling that comes instead of it. Perhaps one might call it mostly a maternal feeling and comradeship. And there are other things, too, material things that are more important, home and associations, and one's life together."

Marriage with this ideal will never be such a success anywhere else, as in India; for, as said before, it is in India that the traditions of life are best suited to it; for, as the Mahabharata says:—

"The relationship of husband and wife is very subtle. It is different from the natural relationship which consists only in the satisfaction of passion."

(2) The frailty of woman

There was once reported in the *Mahabharatha* a conversation about women between the divine Rishi Narada, and the nymph Panchachuda. She was an Apsara of heaven, and though not living according to a moral standard, yet kept a certain code of honour, in that she did not wish to talk ill of the members of her sex, when she felt she could talk very little good of them. "I am not able, being myself a woman, to speak ill of woman."

But the Rishi, Narada, told her that there was no sin in speaking what was true. Then she enumerated "the true and eternal short-comings of woman." "There is nothing that is more sinful than woman," she said: "The destroyer, the god of wind, the nether regions, the equine mouth that moves through the ocean, producing ceaseless flames of fire, the sharpness of the razor, dreadful poison, the snake and fire—all these exist in a state of union in woman."

In the first place, no woman it was said, likes to keep the bounds assigned to her. As from the distance of our modern era, we contemplate this ancient statement, can we be surprised at it? Do women ever like restraint? Not they. But so do not men also; men, however, control themselves to keep bounds; women usually seek to find loopholes through, and extensions beyond, them. Is that not the complaint of business-houses, which have opened their doors to women?

Then again, the ancient statement said that women were fickle in their attachments to men. No one single man could keep their affections, which were ready to fly to other men. "Women show a liking for those men, who court them, who approach their presence, who respectfully serve them to even a slight extent. They never consider about the age of the person they are prepared to favour, ugly or handsome; if only the person belongs to the opposite sex, women are ready to enjoy their companionship."

And, if women did remain faithful, it was not because of their affection, or their dislike of sin, but because of "want of solicitation by persons of the other sex, fear of relations, or fear of penalties." What an accusation indeed! And yet, it can be looked at from an innocent point of view too. Women are ever fond of admiration from the opposite sex. It does not matter who of such gives it to them; they ever have a responsive feeling of liking for it. And why not? Do not men also like flattery? And, be it remembered that, in the ancient ages of India, chastity meant not only the control of the eye but also the control of thought. Even a thought of admiration, even a glance of archness, meant loss of virtue. Can the strictures against women be wondered at then? Which human being is there that can so control every sense, let alone frail woman? If any can do so, they must approach godhead.

Another accusation was that women were creatures of illusion. They knew how to tempt men and captivate them. "If man laughs, woman laughs. If man weeps, she weeps. The science of polity is not deeper or more subtle than woman's intelligence. She imposes upon men. She makes a lie appear as truth, and truth appear as a lie."

Is there anything so drastic in such a charge? It but speaks to the charm, the power of pleasing of one, who may be "as variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made."

Whose fault is it, if men are taken in by such fascination? Ancient Indians certainly lay the blame partly on the men; for they advise self-control. "Men should not love them; nor should they cherish any jealousy on account of them. Only for the sake of virtue men should enjoy their society, not with enthusiasm and attachment." A very barren prospect indeed!

It was felt, however, that the real blame, ought to be laid on the Creator, who made woman what she was meant to be. We hear that the gods were afraid of men attaining to the virtue of heaven. They said to Brahma, "we have heard that all human beings are characterised by righteousness, and they in course of natural progress and improvement attain to the dignity of God." Brahma heard the petition and responded to the alarm of the celestials by creating woman! Can she be blamed then for her powers of attraction?

Recently, the *Hindu* told a story about the "royal cynic," King Solomon of the Bible, who laid down that "he had not been able to find one faithful woman among his thousand." The story tells us of a test, which he tried on a husband and wife, seemingly devoted to each other. The husband, in spite of threats of great advancement, refused to kill his wife; but the latter forced with the same temptation, succumbed to it; which proved, we are told, "the untrustworthiness of woman."

I admit it did prove the untrustworthiness of *one* woman; but should that be taken as proof of a general statement? The same might be said of man. If *one* man proved loyal, why take *all* men to be loyal? No doubt, Solomon's experience ranged

over 1000 women, but even that does not prove his case, for he easily might have become disgusted with the variety of temperaments he had to deal with. What a hard task had King Solomon set himself! No wonder he felt disillusioned! Perhaps, eventually he delegated the same treatment to all his thousand women, forgetting that each woman needed a different attitude towards her. Was it any wonder then that not one woman successfully responded to his test of trustworthiness?

Leaving that alone however, we do hear of many faithful women in the Bible. Mary the mother of Jesus, the converted Mary Magdalene, Elizabeth the mother of John the Baptist, Dorcas, Lydia, and several others stand out as fine examples of goodness. Compare also the tribute paid by Jesus, to the devotion of a mother, as second only to that of God.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee."

Again, King Solomon himself based one of his judgments on the love of a mother when he adjudicated the ownership of a child to the woman who refused to cut it in two.

A case in point, though it does appear somewhat banal to go from the Bible to prison life, is the experiment lately being made at the new Zenana hospital at Kohat to use women prisoners as ward orderlies. Sixty prisoners, we are told, worked for 15 months, and not one prisoner had attempted to escape!

The frailty of woman may be more obvious than that of man; so may also the selfish strength of man be; but the cases cannot be made general. On the other hand, the weakness of woman may be balanced by her qualities of goodness and sweetness, the exquisite womanliness, which has always made a woman, a true woman.

The nymph of heaven could find no good among women. Yet, we are told that, in the old era, all true women were virtuous; and that only those who were created with the help of illusion by Brahma, became sinful. And the virtuous women were "highly blessed, the mothers of the universe, who keep up the earth with all her waters and her forests."

And the modern poet echoes such sentiments with his "perfect woman, nobly-planned who, when pain and anguish wring the brow," is indeed a veritable "ministering angel."

OUR SERIAL STORY

Detective Janaki, by K. S.

(Janaki is detected by her step-mother in an innocent flirtation with the undesirable Sivaram. Two alternatives are laid before her; she must either marry Natesan, or have her escapade reported to her father. Hating both, Janaki runs out of the house. She meets a stranger called Seshan, whose matrimonial advertisement she had answered. He tells her he has a past which he will not disclose. Yet, she marries him, after getting his permission to carry on with her hobby, which is detective work. She gets her first case when she tries to discover what is wrong with an obviously-unhappy married couple. She follows them to their house, and succeeds in smoothing out their misunderstanding. Then, she succeeds in another case, in which she is able to give back a lost daughter to her parents. In her third case, she discovers that a husband, though dead, is not dead and restores him to happiness with his wife. In her fourth case, she is able to save a victim of religious fanaticism. In her fifth case, she helps her friend, Menaka, to regain her happiness).

Chapter XI.

Janaki eagerly went home, and was as eagerly welcomed by her husband. Life usually ran very smoothly where they lived; but one morning Janaki's maid-servant brought her a strange rumour.

"Madam," she said, "you know that Brahmin contractor, Singarachari, who lives at the end of the town? Well, his wife was a very fine lady, I used to work with her, and she was very kind, and gave me clothes and—"

"Well, what has happened?"

"Oh, madam,—she, she—," and the maid put her sari to her eyes, and sniffed.

"She is—what?"

"She is dead."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, the gardener told me," said the maid tearfully. "She died this morning, and they do say, she has been poisoned."

"Poisoned? By whom?"

"By that compounder in the small medicine shop in their part of the town. She had some pain yesterday and she sent for a medicine she often uses. But they say the man put poison into it."

"How do they know?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"Has the medicine been examined?"

"I don't know, madam. And they do say that the lady's daughter wanted to marry that compounder, and her mother did not like it, because he is only a Naidu by caste. And so he was angry and killed her. Fancy, Amma, she is a Brahmin, and he is a Naidu. What is the world coming to?"

"Why, what's the harm?" asked Janaki with a smile at her maid, who was a Brahmin too.

"Harm? Much harm, Amma. Why should our sacred caste be polluted? I am not at all surprised that the mother should have objected. But, poor thing—"

"Gently, gently, Savitri," reprimanded Janaki. "Be careful. No one can say for certain what has happened, can they? And why should you be so much for caste? Have we not been taught that the depressed classes must be cared for? And after all, the compounder is a Naidu, not a Harijan. Never mind now, don't argue. Get the coffee ready, and I shall go to the unfortunate house."

"Can I come too?"

"No; you must get the master's breakfast ready. You can go in the afternoon, if you like. Now, Savitri, don't be sulky, but see to your work."

The sullen maid, sullen from very fondness for the mistress, with whom she had served since her marriage, went away.

Later, Janaki paid her visit to the dead woman's house, partly on condolence bent, partly because her detective's curiosity had been aroused.

She found the usual state of things in such a predicament. Horror, confusion, increased by the presence of the police, who had been summoned, fear, grief, suspense—! The daughter was especially prostrate with grief, sitting huddled up in a small room, refusing food and drink. There was a woman-servant in the house, but she could do nothing with the distracted girl. Janaki went in and tried to reason with her.

"No, no," moaned the girl, "Let me die." What is life worth to me now? My mother, my poor mother, she loved me so, and I was so ungrateful to her, and so disobedient. Oh, oh, I wish I were dead."

"But, there is your father."

"Poor father, he worshipped her. How he can live without her, I can't imagine."

"He has got you."

"He does not want me, never did in fact. It is his son he cares for."

"Where is he?"

"Weeping, I suppose.

"Did he not love his mother?"

"She was his step-mother. You see, when my father married her, sixteen years ago, Krishna was ten, and he was rather selfish, though I must say he was rather fond of her. He will look after father, I suppose, and there's his wife too, under whose thumb he is, for he is weak-natured."

"Oh, where is she?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. She was never a friend to me. It is she in fact, who spied on me, and told tales to my dear mother. Oh!" Under all this bitterness, Janaki sensed some other cause of grief; and she proceeded to feel about for it.

"Uma," she murmured, "What was there to spy about and tell tales about? You are a good girl, aren't you?"

"I am, I am," said Uma defiantly. "I am a good girl, and that's why I am in trouble. I could have run away, but I loved mother; and now, everything has become impossible."

"Tell me, my dear," coaxed our detective. "Perhaps I may be able to help you."

"How?"

"Don't you know who I am?'

"Oh, you are the lady detective, who tries to help people in distress. I know you now. You freed that dhoby girl Lakshmi, from the temple-people, and - and-"

"Never mind all that. Tell me your trouble."

And then the whole story came out, something like what her maid had told her. Uma, the Brahmin girl, and Gopalan, the Naidu compounder of Venkiah & Co., loved each other, but their caste-restrictions were naturally against them. Her mother especially would not have it. Uma had disobeyed her and had continued in touch with Gopalan. Her sister-in-law Kanti, had often reported against her; and she and her mother had not been quite friends. "Oh, and yesterday we had a terrible quarrel. Mother wouldn't talk to me the whole day and went to bed, still angry with me, though she was feeling ill. Now, they say there is arsenic in the medicine and that Gopalan put it in. But how could he? He is such a good man."

"Why do they specially fasten on him?"

"He is the only compounder in his shop and always makes up the medicines."

"Why does he work as a compounder? Is he poor?"

"No, his father is quite rich. But Gopalan likes medicine and is working on some research. Later, he hopes to set up a pharmacy of his own."

"How old are you, Uma?"

"Fifteen years. You wonder why I am not married yet. As a matter of fact, father is a social reformer, but my mother wished to get me married three years ago. But she—she was a good woman and when I begged and pleaded with her to let me go to school for three years more, she consented, though her friends laughed at her. Now, of course, they all say her death was a proper punishment for breaking our rules. Let them! I don't care."

"Was there anyone special, whom your mother wished you to marry?"

"Not till about two months ago."

"Who is the man?"

"Sankara Sastri, of our neighbouring town, Narpur. He is a Brahmin landed proprietor, very rich and influential. I consider him old, though he is only about forty. I don't like him. He is a wicked man. He is here now, I know. He still wants to marry me. I don't know what father will do. Oh, save me, save me, and save my Gopalan." Janaki soothed the hysterical girl as best she could, persuaded her to drink a little hot coffee and then left her.

She then tackled the servant woman, and by dint of many questions, elicited the fact that the dead lady had suffered from her usual stomach pain for the first part of the night. She had taken her accustomed medicine, a bottle of which was always with her. There had been no relief, however; on the contrary she had become worse. The doctor had been sent for, but had come only after her death, which had been sudden and unexpected.

Janaki had never gone to Venkiah & Co., the dispensary in question, and so had not met Gopalan, or at least had not noticed him in particular anywhere else. She made occasion now to go there with her husband on some small pretext. The young man served her, a pleasant, fair, young fellow of average height, with a clean-shaven, open face. She liked him and thought him a good match for Uma. She also came to the conclusion that he could never have poisoned anyone on purpose. She knew, of course, that, according to detective methods, it was wrong to work on prejudices; but somehow she liked to go by instinct. There remained the question of whether he had compounded the medicine wrongly. After some conversation with Gopalan about the all-engrossing topic of the dead woman, she openly asked him the question. He shook his head. "Madam, I am always very careful about my prescriptions. Besides, we have often made up the same medicine before. There is the receipt which I worked out faithfully. No, I am afraid there is no doubt about the matter."

"Do you intend to offer no defence?"

"What can I do? I can only deny the charge. The police have been here, but have not arrested me yet. But, I am afraid I shall get into trouble. I am very sorry for—". Here he closed his mouth firmly.

"Have any other medicines been purchased from you lately by the family?"

"No, madam, not just lately, though we always have supplied their medicines."

Janaki consulted her husband about the case, but he could not help her. Arsenic in a large quantity had been found in the medicine last taken by the dead woman, yet was not in the prescription. Who could have put it in, if not Gopalan? Our heroine racked her brains in vain for a solution.

In the evening, she went again to see Uma, and found her a little more cheerful. The poor girl seemed to have confidence in her, and questioned her eagerly; but Janaki could only

shake her head in reply. Then, they fell to talking about various things, but naturally the question veered round after a while to the dead mother. Uma fell to praising her. "She was so efficient, and such a good manager," she said with the tears running down her face. "She cooked well. We loved all her ways. The servants adored her. Everything ran on oiled wheels as it were. What we shall do now, I don't know."

"How many servants have you?"

"Oh, just Vimala, our cook-woman and two men to help."

"Have they been with you long?"

"Oh, yes. They are very devoted to us. I know what you are trying to find out. They could not have poisoned mother."

"She was very good-tempered then?"

"Sometimes she was inclined to be very irritated, but quickly recovered, and made up for her anger. She was a good woman every way, except perhaps that she was superstitious and used to imagine things."

"As how?"

"If she did anything wrong, or any of us did so, she was always afraid of the wrath of the goddess. For instance, she was very worried because she had not married me early, according to the *Sastras*. I know she often went to the temple to conciliate the priests with valuable offerings."

"Did she talk to you freely?"

"She did till lately, when I thought she was hiding something. I sometimes thought she was anxious about herself. But she usually made light of her pain and the doctor said it was nothing serious. But I know she used to write everything to her sister, who is with her husband in Bombay. She will be very upset."

"Your mother could read and write then."

"She knew Telugu well, and she even knew some English. Oh, I wish you had known her; you would have loved her. She never went out much, as she always said her duty lay at home. You must have met her though, occasionally."

"Yes, I did, and I liked her. Well—well. By the way, Janaki, who suspected first that she was poisoned?"

"Sankara Sastri, I think. When the doctor came last night, I heard him talking outside the door to that old man. I heard the latter saying that he also knew something about doctoring, and that the symptoms he had noticed at death had pointed in a way to arsenic poisoning. It was then that the doctor took away the medicine-bottle and examined it. I am sure it was that old wretch, who turned the suspicion on Gopalan, because he does not want me to marry him."

"I suppose your father will not consent to the marriage with Gopalan?"

"Never; and still less now. The only solution is for me to run away with him. But how now? I am sure he did not poison mother, but he will never marry me with this cloud on his name, even if he is not charged directly with it. But I would do anything for him, especially now that I cannot displease mother with my actions."

"What about your step-brother?"

"Not a bad boy, and quite kind to me; but his wife is the limit. She hates me, because she is jealous of me. Janakiamma, don't go away to night; stay with me, for I am afraid."

"Of what? Surely of no personal harm?"

"No, but Kanti will come and abuse me and Gopalan, and say I was the cause of mother's death. I couldn't bear it."

"Very well, my dear, I shall come back after dinner."

As she was going out of the room, she heard a scurry and a flurry, and a little dog entered, followed by a woman holding him tight on a chain. She got the dog under control and spanked him hard. Uma jumped up to interfere, but thought better of it and sat down again. Kanti, a sharp-featured woman, began to scold in a thin high voice, saying all sorts of things about the dog and his love for Uma and her mother.

"I don't know what your mother gave him to make him so fond of her. Always rushing in here, he is. I could not do anything as long as she was alive, on account of your father. Your brother too was against me, but what do I care for his words now? I am not going to let him be fond of you. He is my dog, do you hear that, my little Ravana. Besides, your father hates the dog to be too much in the house. I have been strict, but your mother has spoiled him. Oh, who is this?"

She had just caught sight of Janaki by the door. Uma told her who she was. Kanti sneered a little, and was openly against Janaki coming back; but eventually gave in, as our heroine knew how to be tactful. As Janaki went out, there was a noise behind her, and Ravana tried to follow her. Kanti grabbed at him, at the same time rescuing a sheet of newspaper from his jaws.

"Oh, he is such a mischievous boy," she cried, "always tearing up papers and clothes. I think he will have to be given away."

"Oh, don't do that," cried Uma.

"*I'll* see to that. He's not your dog, is he? Besides what is the use of talking so fondly of him, when you and your mother once nearly killed him."

"How?" flamed up Uma.

"Don't you remember how once he ate a little of that rice in which your mother had mixed poison for the rats."

"But we didn't mean to poison him."

"Then, why leave it on the ground?"

"It fell down from the shelf."

"And why poison the rats at all?"

"Oh, don't talk rubbish, Kanti. You know we can't have rats destroying everything. What about your own saries?"

"Well, well, will you have your food now? Your foolish brother is anxious about you, though I don't think a little starvation will do you any harm. It will cure your hot blood anyway. And why you want that grand lady to stay with you to night, I cannot imagine. Aren't we good enough for you? You are getting too Westernised, and she will make you worse still."

Janaki had stopped a while to listen to the nagging voice, but turned away in disgust soon. When she reached home, she had some trouble to persuade her husband to let her go out again to the bereaved home. He seemed to have some objections to the people in it. He did not know them well, he admitted, however. Sankara Sastri he knew a little.

"When?" asked Janaki.

"Some years ago in fact, and I don't like him much. I wish you would not interfere there. Sankara Sastri will get you into trouble if you don't look out, if you get Gopalan free to marry Uma."

"What trouble?"

"Oh, I don't know. He does not like me, you understand, and may tell you all sorts of things about me."

"What things?"

"Oh, I can't tell you all that. We agreed to let the past alone."

"Then you won't help me at all in this case?"

"I'd rather not."

"Don't you want to see justice done?"

"I suppose so; but murder will out by itself, you know. Why should we interfere unreasonably? I suppose the fair Uma has captured your tender heart as usual."

His somewhat sneering tone rattled Janaki she got into her little car, and drove and away to her appointment.

Her troubled thoughts kept her awake a long time. Just as she was dropping off into a doze, she heard someone calling her. Sitting up, she found that Uma had lighted a candle and was rummaging among some papers on the table. Janaki asked her what she was searching for.

"I have just remembered," replied Uma, "that my mother was writing a letter the evening before she died. She was not well, you know, and she was angry with me. So, she would not talk, but kept on writing. She usually kept her letters in this volume of the Mahabharata; but I cannot find the paper here. I know she could not have posted it, though."

After a while, she gave up the search, and sat down near Janaki and talked. Somebody must have poisoned her mother. Who was it? Not Gopalan, not the servants; could it have been Kanti? But then, surely she did not hate her mother-in-law so much. Could it have been the step-son? But he was rather harmless, and besides he liked his step-mother. Was it Sankara Sastri, in order to get the blame on Gopalan? Oh, that was a wild, wicked idea. Eventually, both the girls fell into a troubled sleep. In the early morning, Janaki suddenly woke up. A new idea seemed to have come to her, for she sat up, and with her head in her hands, thought long and hard with rather wild eyes. She lay down again; but soon it was time to go; and after a wash and some coffee she returned home. She talked to her husband as usual, ignoring his remarks of last night. She asked him again to help her. But he adhered to his resolution of the previous night, though it seemed to her he was rather sorry to do so And this time he pleaded business, not reluctance to interfere. Perhaps later on, he could help.

Janaki drove him to his college, and then went to Uma's home. She felt rather lonely and unhappy. She had tea with her young friend, talking to her of many things. In the midst of the conversation, Ravana, the little dog, rushed in and began jumping on Uma and tearing at her sari. The girl checked it, and gave it some paper to play with, which the creature soon tore into bits. Janaki asked if they had always given it paper to play with.

"Not I," said Uma, "but mother. There was often an untidy litter, when the dog came in."

"Wasn't Kanti cross?"

"Of course, but she dared not be too rude to mother, on account of father."

"I suppose she is a lazy girl and seldom cleans up the rooms."

"Not she, she always leaves that to Vimala or to me, when Vimala has no time. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, just because I wish to find out something about her character."

"You don't suspect her, do you, Janaki? Please don't; the very idea is horrible."

"It is, my dear, so let's not think of it. She is a young woman of persistent ideas though. Surely she knew you did not wish to poison her dog, and yet she talked as if she believed it of you."

"She would, she's that kind."

"By the way, can you give me some of the poison your mother kept for the rats? I want it for my house too, as the rats are too many there. I am seriously thinking of keeping cats, but then, I hate them."

"I am afraid the poison is all finished. Mother said the very evening before her death, that she had none to spare. You see I wished to poison some more rats that day. I am so sorry. You can get it at Sriram's, I think."

After a while, Janaki told Uma she could not spend that night with her and went away. But, she did not go from the house at once. Instead, she called the servant to her and asked her some questions, as a result of which she was quietly taken to the back of the house. After some search there, she set back home, seemingly rather pleased with herself.

On the way, she was surprised to see Sivaram smiling at her, as if nothing unpleasant had occurred between them. She tried to pass him, but he stood in her way, and she had to stop her car. He leant on the door and began to talk to her. Where was she going? He had heard she was interested in the poison case. Was the working all alone? Where was her husband? He was busy, Janaki hedged. Did he wish to meet him?

"Oh, no, no," he replied. "As a matter of fact, I wish to avoid him, but for your own sake, my dear, not for mine. That's why I am staying here only a few days, having come just to see a friend. Now tell me why your husband isn't helping you. I hear your companionship is usually an ideal one."

Janaki did not reply, and he continued: "Perhaps, he is afraid to displease Sankara Sastri. They knew each other, you know, some years ago. As a matter of fact, it was Sankara Sastri I came to see. Oh, don't draw back, Janaki, you must not be afraid of me. Did I not tell you that your dear one has a past, and that it was not altogether a creditable one. All right, all right, I'll shut up, if only you will put your hand on my mouth again to close it, as you did once before. You won't? Well, well. You had better ask him yourself then. There ought to be no secrets between husband and wife. Shall I help you? No? Well, good-bye then."

She drove off, then stopped and beckoned to him. He came running. She bade him get in beside her, turned the car and went off into some other parts of the town, where she stopped at some places, and sent Sivaram to ask questions for her. She did not wish to appear in the matter herself too much. Then she turned towards home, Sivaram leaving her sometime before she reached the house.

The next morning, Uma's servant Vimala, brought Janaki a frantic message from her mistress. She was to go to her at once and help her in her trouble. What the trouble was, the women could not quite say. She knew that her father had gone to Uma, and had talked with her for a long time, leaving the girl in tears. Vimala had to go home quickly, because the other mistress, Kantiamma, would suspect something. "Oh, she's a bad one, that lady, and so wicked to my poor young mistress." Pressed to talk further, for she appeared to know something more, she said, "I—I think, madam, the master wants to get Uma Amma married very soon. I heard something about marriage and three days, and the daughter-in-law was laughing and happy. Oh, she hates Uma Amma."

"What about the brother?"

"He's rather stupid and under the thumb of his wife, but he is fond of his sister."

"Then, will you take a message for me? Yes? Well, tell her that if she hates the idea of this marriage, she must resist it. Tell her to tell her father that she absolutely refuses to be married to Sankara Sastri. Tell her that I bade her be firm. Will you remember?"

Then, Janaki waited. The next evening, Uma's father came to see her. Her husband was not at home but she gave the old gentleman a

seat and waited to hear what he would say. And out it came.

"I hear, madam, that you have been on very friendly terms with my girl, and that you told her to refuse to marry the man of my choice. Why ? what business have you to interfere with us ? Who are you that dare to do so ? Oh ! I hate the modern set. They are so proud and priggish, and my daughter promises to be the worst of them, taught by such as you. Oh, may God's anger rest on her for her disobedience !"

"Gently, gently, Sir, " said Janaki. " Would you curse your own daughter ? After all, what has she done wrong ?"

" Wrong ? Is it right then to wish to marry a man of a lower caste, and a murderer ? How can she be happy with him ? Oh, be sure I shall not leave things alone. I shall get him hanged and then she will be free from his cursed attraction. Goodbye, madam, may God forgive you for your share in this matter."

But our heroine stayed him, and bade him sit again. Then, she said to him:

"You call him a murderer. Why? Have you seen him putting poison in the medicine? How can you prove it?"

"It was he, who prepared the mixture, and the doctor says there is arsenic in it."

" So there is, but you had better request him to keep the knowledge to himself. Have you seen him to-day ?"

" No "

"Then, you will find that he will readily agree not to make this fact public."

" Why ?"

"Listen Sir. I am sorry to hurt you; but you have asked for it, and I can't have an innocent man punished. The poison in the medicine was put in by—"

" By whom? Tell me; don't keep me in suspense."

"Can't you guess ? By—herself."

" What? She poisoned herself ? You lie. She was a happy woman."

" Do you really think so? Had she not been unhappy lately ? Did she not suffer from pain ? Was she not afraid that the gods were punishing her for keeping her daughter unmarried ?"

" And yet, she did not wish to marry her to Sankara Sastri, even before that, nor would she consent to an early marriage. Why ?"

"Foolish man! Because, she loved her daughter and wished her to be happy. And she knew that the girl did not want to marry yet, and that she really hated the man of your choice. Sankara Sastri indeed ! That pompous and wicked ass ! Besides, your wife knew that Uma loved Gopalan."

" But—"

" Wait. She was torn between her desire to please her daughter and her desire to be true to her caste principles. And lately, did you notice that she was beginning to be worried by dreams and visions ? Did you not hear her sometimes muttering to herself ?"

" I did—I did. Then—do you think—". He stopped, seeming unaccountably agitated; but Janaki, usually the most soft-hearted of women, now cruelly led him on. "Then—what ?" she asked.

" Was—was she mad ?"

" In a way, I suppose."

" Oh, oh !"

The man covered his face with his hands. His shoulders shook. Janaki took pity on him.

" Silly man," she said, " just now you did not wish to think she killed herself. Now you are afraid of madness. Well, here are the facts. Listen. I have found the letter she wrote to her sister, to whom she seems to have told everything. I found it in the rubbish heap, where Vimala had swept it away, after the dog had partly torn it up. She wrote it the evening before she died. Here it is; you know her writing, don't you ?"

The old man snatched it from her, and murmuring that it was in his wife's hand for certain, began to read it aloud in the Telugu, in which it was written. Translated, it ran thus:

" I don't know what to do. My daughter is pining for Gopalan. He's a good boy, but not of our caste. I want to make her happy, yet the divine powers are angry with me. Last night the goddess Lakshmi came to me in a vision threatening the death of my husband or my daughter, if I gave in to the latter. And yet, I had a sort of dream sometime ago, in which goddess Saraswati bade me listen to my child. What am I to do ? I am torn in two. And oh. I would love to see my daughter happy, and carry her child in my arms. But I dare not risk the lives of her and of my other dear one.

" I am getting more and more frightened. These visions are not good signs. I have told you what I am afraid of, and rather than that should happen, I'll kill myself. That seems to be the only course left now. I shall be saved from what I fear; when I am dead, I hope Uma will be brave and marry Gopalan. Then, I

cannot be to blame and the goddess will not be angry with me and carry out her curse on them and on me. My husband will suffer for a time, but he will forget. May my loved ones be happy. Blessings on my daughter. Goodbye, sister, don't think hardily of me, for I have always loved you. Keep my secret from innocent Uma, I do not want her especially to know of it. Please comfort my husband. And don't, forget to be kind to our people, especially to poor Sita."

The old man had stopped reading the letter sometime before. It was Janaki who finished it aloud for him. For a long while, he sat with his head in his hands, racked with sobs. After a while, he began to mutter to himself. Janaki caught a few words :

"Oh, poor thing, poor thing! That she should have been so afraid, and that through me! Oh, I can't forgive myself." Janaki kept considerately silent. At last, he asked her with what his wife had poisoned herself.

"With the poison she got for the rats. She mixed a lot of it in her own medicine and drank it. You know she told Uma she had none to spare. I got a sample of rat-poison from one of the chemists, and took it to the doctor, who told me that the other stuffs in the rat poison, besides the arsenic, were also in the mixture. That's why I told you he would agree to be quiet. Hush it up, old man, for your daughter's sake and your own too. You don't want it talked about that she killed herself, do you? Let the doctor say she was not poisoned, but died of heart-trouble."

The old man stood up, and took her hand.

"You are a clever woman," he said. "When did you suspect all this?"

"Two days ago, after I had seen the dog and heard about the poison. It really is no credit to me, you know."

"But I am grateful to you for not letting me do an injustice. Goodbye. May God bless you. You are a real helper of the helpless."

"If you are really grateful to me, will you do me one favour? You will. After a time will you try to be kind to your daughter?. Wait, think. Your wife wished it. Allow her to marry Gopalan. After all, we are all children of the same God. What does it matter if Gopalan is only a Naidu by caste? You know he is a good man. Try Sir, to be kind."

"Tell me first one thing," he begged. "Do you think my wife was mad? You just now thought she was, you remember?"

"Why are you so upset by that?" Janaki asked. "She was not really mad, of course; she was all right in her every-day life, wasn't she? She had just that obsession about the visions, that's all. Everyone of us is mad on some point or another. That's what I meant, you know. Besides, what does it matter? The poor lady is dead."

"Yes, but who would like such an idea? Uma will be so troubled. What shall I tell her?"

"Nothing, except that her mother was rather obsessed on one point. Don't discuss it at all. All that you can do now is to obey your dead wife. Promise me to be kind to Gopalan."

"We shall see."

"No, no, promise. You owe me something, you know."

"Very well. Let them wait for six months, then marry.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," cried Janaki.

The old man went to the door and paused. "Let me warn you against Sankara Sastri," he said. "He is a vindictive man, and he seems to know something about you, with which he can hurt you."

"Oh, nonsense," said Janaki gallantly; and yet she felt afraid.

(*To be continued*)

"What should a man desire to leave?
A flawless work; a noble life".

F. T. PALGRAVE.

THE MURDER ON THE MARINA

I remember that night very well. I had tottered back to my room from the dinner given by Sanker to celebrate his success at the Races. The feast contained items to which I was rather partial, and I had dined not wisely but only too well. I tossed about wearily and, finally, to distract my mind, picked up the latest thriller of Mr. Elfgar Woodface. I had just reached the place where Detective-Inspector Stone had got wedged between an automatic bomb and a cage of living cobras in the noisome depths of the Gangster King's cellar, when I closed my eyes and inconsequentially wondered whether the inspector had had a good dinner.

I do not know when I left the room for a spell of fresh air. I only recollect that, briskly walking towards the sea, I had passed the Iron Bridge, when I saw *it*. It lay near a clump of bushes, and was evidently the body of a woman, aged about thirty, but well-preserved. I bent down and saw that her throat had been cut from ear to ear, clearly with a razor, for a razor lay by her, and death must have been instantaneous. Speeding with the wings of a dove to the police station, I gave the alarm, and the machinery of justice began to hum. It is unprofitable to pursue the story of the police investigation and it suffices to say that the inquest established that the victim was evidently a woman, aged about thirty, but well-preserved, that her throat was cut from ear to ear, clearly, with a razor, for a razor lay by her, and that death must have been instantaneous. The murderer was, of course, "some person unknown."

A month passed, and people began to get impatient. The most curious phenomenon was the striking unanimity of the Press, both Indian and Anglo-Indian, in criticising the police. Reputed detectives had been summoned from all over the world, their expenses to be met from a supplementary police grant. It soon became known that the staff and the students of a well-known College had been given a compulsory holiday for a month, so that the detectives might meet and work in that building.

Not wishing to lose this unique chance of seeing the detectives of the world at work, I, under the kind escort of Inspector Q—of the *Z* division, braved entry into this 'nest' with inward trepidation. My first impression was rather hazy, for the place seemed to be full of men in all sorts of attitudes, and there was a veritable babel of sound, which I soon discovered to be due to all talking and none listening. Now and then, the crescendo of a violin split the air, and I turned hastily in that direction. I perceived a thin, hawk-faced man playing as if his life depended on it. "That man," Inspector Q—whispered to me, "is the famous British detective, Mr Johnson. He has modelled himself on the traditions of Sherlock Holmes, and cultivates all his hobbies, including the use of cocaine. You remember that every respectable detective must have a follower, to whom even things patent to the man-in-the-street would not be plain, unless explained by his detective. Mr. Johnson has selected Mr. Barlow, who, in his features, shows the nearest approach to those of the classical Dr. Watson. Notice that man with a dogged, unintelligent face gazing at Mr. Johnson with rapture and wonder. That is Mr. Boswell—I mean-Mr. Barlow." Then I glanced curiously at a man with a walrus moustache who was shrugging his shoulders and violently gesticulating. My friend, following my gaze, said, "That pantomime figure is the redoubtable M. Pierre Tiloq of France. He is convinced that, ever since Poe celebrated the fame of Dupin, and Lecoq became a renowned name, the world has finally recognised that detective genius is latent in the Gallic nation. He is determined to see a *crime passionel* in this murder."

I jumped round. A strident, voice was shouting above the din, "I say, you guys have got it all wrong. Yes sir, I guess the thing kind of figured like this—" The rest was lost in the din. My friend spoke into my ear, "That American is Mr. Otis Hiram, He upholds the theory that the resources of science furnish the only means for tracking down modern criminals, and illustrates by quoting Bertillon, Craig Kennedy and Prof. Thorndyke." I got bewildered and felt that I was not proper company for detectives. As we turned to go, I noticed a man sleeping nonchalantly near the door. Wondering how anybody could snore so comfortably in that atmosphere, I exclaimed, "Look at this door-keeper sleeping amidst this clamour!" My friend laughed and remarked "He is not a door-keeper. He is a somewhat mystic kind of detective. Following the model of Sax Rohmer's Dream Detective, he tries to gain clues in dreams. So far, he has not got any, but he hopes that, if he goes on sleeping like this for at least a month, he may perhaps get a clue." I envied the man. "If I ever become a detective," I confided, "I shall follow this model."

Days passed, and it soon became clear that the rival detectives, fighting fanatically for their particular theories, had not come to any agreement. The public got restive, and, then, the government got restive. Most of the detectives at least agreed in thinking that this was rank ingratitude. The dream-detective declared bitterly that he had not dreamt that Indians could be so ungrateful and mercenary. Then one of the other detectives cunningly decided that, since the end was nearing, he should get the ear of the public before the others. He secretly slipped out. It was announced the same day that he, having secured the permission of the government, was addressing the citizens of Madras on the Marina. I naturally was a very early member of the vast audience which thronged the sands, and was fortunate in securing a seat in the front, just facing the speaker. Since the great man spoke with a strong accent and took great liberties with his English, I must content myself with giving the substance of what he said. There was, first, a long preamble concerning his early life and education, and there followed a long account of his later life and the valuable services he had done to humanity in general and his country in particular. By the time he had begun to speak about the murder, a good part of the crowd had melted away. The detective incisively checked each point on his fingers. First, it was a woman who had been murdered. The murderer might have murdered a man or a child, but, he did not do so. The inexorable evidence of facts indicated without the least doubt that he did murder a woman. Secondly, the murder was done with a razor. Conceivably, the assassin might have used any other weapon. He might have strangled her, or poisoned her. But, he chose the razor. Thirdly, the murderer need not have chosen the Marina as the scene of his crime. There were other places in Madras, which would have equally well served his purpose. But, he had pitched upon the Marina. "Each of these facts" thundered the speaker, staring severely at the Aquarium, "might, by itself, be trivial. But, taken cumulatively, they assume tremendous importance." He clasped his fingers and gazed down benevolently on the multitude. The men in front audibly whispered "How wonderful!" and some by my side admired his uncanny cleverness. Just then, a man in the back row got up. "Excuse me, sir," he began suavely. "I have listened with very great interest to what you have been saying. I gather, from your words that you seem to have discovered that the criminal belonged to the male sex. We would like to hear how you discovered that. May it not be a woman who has done the crime?"

The detective became pale—I believe, through anger. But, his voice was level, when he said simply "It may. On the other hand, it may not." The questioner was stupefied and sank down with a gasp, and the speaker was rewarded by a spontaneous tribute of applause. Just then, a sudden

rumour floated through the crowd that the other detectives, angry that they had been outwitted, were bearing down upon us in force, and certain of their partizans in the audience, shouted in unison to the speaker to produce the murderer. The detective got nervous, and pointing at me in random, spluttered "This is the man." The crowd near me immediately glared at me and surrounded me. Confused cries rose on all sides ;" He has got a murderer's face". "Lynch him." "How did the detective trace him ?". "The fellow himself killed her and then gave the alarm". "They say the woman was his wife." Suddenly, a huge cry arose, "Look out ! The other detectives are coming." Crash ! A bottle of aerated water smashed somebody's skull, while the crowd fled pell-mell.

I awoke and found that the cat had knocked down my glass tumbler. So, it was all a nightmare ! Still, I want to know who butchered that poor woman of my dream. I see her sprawling figure—the body of a woman, aged about thirty, but, well-preserved, her throat cut from ear to ear with a razor, for a razor lay by her, and death must have been instantaneous.

T. K. VENKATARAMAN.

LEAVE ME ALONE

Look not so kindly on my shattered heart,
Sing not so dolefully upon my pain,
Touch not my wound with gentle fingers, lest
It bleed ; your hope to cure it will be vain.
Look not so gently with melodious tears,
That once more sadly remind me of years
Past like a dream : yes, they were richly blest
With fragrant flowers and poignant melody,
With youth, with light and honey-dripping love.
How true the stars are twinkling from above !
No, do not remind me of what is gone—
Perhaps to mourn over it I am born—
No, gentle sister, leave, leave me alone,
Lest my grief darken e'en your starry brow.

SUSI P. DAVID.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we have begun".

LINCOLN.

THE RIVER

(A fantasia)

'Alone I tramp through life,
Unloved, unfriended, uncared.'

In the ever running waters of an Indian river, I see a laughing fairy of the waterfall descending from the high heavens. There is grace and gaiety in her movements, there is brilliance and beauty in her form, there is sanctity and virtue in her frame and yet she runs through life single and solitary. Descending from on high, carrying in her heart the sweetness and purity of love and innocence, she goes through her unbroken march ruffled and restrained. I often think she is the symbol of India's awakened womanhood—the maidens that dance as they march, and sing as they talk, they that are the torch-bearers of grace and gaiety, brilliance and beauty, sanctity and virtue

To return to the river;—her brief span of life is full to overflowing with smiles and tears. She, whose swift water is one stream of singing love, hears the gurgle of lapping waves and the sighs of the weary winds, sees the magic of green pasture lands and the desolation of dry desert places. She has passed through ups and downs, and has fixed her gaze on many a soft sun-rise and many a still sun-set. She has kissed the unfeeling feet of many a stony rock, and embraced many a heartless stone. Full often she has ruffled her sweet waters to make the lilies dance, full often she has carried a fallen flower on her stream, washing away every stain on it to render it a fit offering to the sea,—as a maiden carries her fond tear-washed love on her own silent heart. Full often she has cast a futile glance on many a desert place, full often has she kissed the dust of this world into sweetness and splendour, full often has the moon danced on her breast like a lonely lotus blossoming in the stream of love.

But, when she takes a bath in the dark sea, her sweet waters are salted and her smiles turn into tears. She pours her softness into the heart of her cold and careless companion, she mixes with her devouring associate and lies crushed and concealed in that huge mass. The long story of her coming thither then lies dumb, in the meandering line of sand stretching from the glowing hill-top of morning to the valley of the deep bottomless night. But, her love is undying and imperishable and she has cheered the sea, as it dances on its waves.

"KAN DIWAN," AHMEDABAD.

(With apologies to Rabindranath Tagore for the use of some of his phrases.)

OCCUPIED

He came to you, for in His gentle voice.
He'd much that He would say.
Your ears were turned to earth's discordant sounds,
And so—He went away.

He came; and in His hand He had a task
That He would have you do.
But you were occupied with other things,
And so you missed that too.
He would have touched you! and His touch could thrill
And give you quickening power;
But earthly things enveloped, and you could
Not feel Him in that hour.

From The Nursing Journal of India.

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN

By an Indian Woman

(1) Women in Public life.

It is pleasant to hear from no less than Mrs. Brij Lal Nehru and Begum Shah Nawaz, that women do no , like men, crave for titles or notoriety. Yet they wish to take part in public life, for that means a good field of service to the country. Mrs. Nehru said :

" We want to work for the glory of India and no sacrifice will be considered too great in order to achieve that goal. Men have for a sufficiently long period ignored the rights and privileges of women, but the time has come when women should rise to the occasion and with their power of self-dedication and sense of silent service bring happiness to the country."

Begum Shah Nawaz, opposing the view that politics was not the field for women, because it was so full of intrigues, averred that, as shown in the West, the success would be great of co-operation between men and women in every walk of life.

(2) The Ladies' Recreation Club, Madras.

The twenty-second report of the Ladies' Recreation Club of Madras speaks of progress in all directions during 1933. The year closed with 10 patronesses, 12 life-members, and 304 members. The popular tournaments in the various games of Tennis, Billiards, Bridge and Carrom; the special party given to H.E. Lady Willingdon, the children's parties, the *At Homes* held by different hostesses, all testify to the great place the club has taken in the lives of Madras ladies. There was much sorrow expressed at the departure of the President, the Lady Beatrix Stanley, who had been very popular in the club, her frequent visits proving the great interest taken by her in the club, the steady progress of which during her five years of administration was to be much commended. The financial position of the club was good, but still it needed improvement in order to enhance its usefulness, especially in the encouragement of friendship between English and Indian women.

(3) An Interesting Conference.

The Fourth Triennial Conference of the National Council of women in India, held lately in Bombay under the Presidency of H.H. The Maharani of Baroda, was a great success. The report of the Council showed progress, inasmuch as it had kept in touch with all movements towards the advance of women, besides doing much work in the cause of education, child-welfare, industrial and relief work, vocational training and recreation for women, hospital visiting, and city improvement. Some suggestions were made, such as the encouragement of Provincial Labour Conferences, and the discouragement of evils, like child-marriages, traffic in women. The President in the course of her interesting speech, while admitting that ladies of rank and position in India required as much help from reformers as those of the labouring classes, advocated co-operation with men in every walk of life. For this, an aggressive spirit was necessary in women. She said: "If we—I mean society as a whole—is to progress, the old shackles must be shaken off. Our women are meek, submissive, ready to suffer without complaining and obey without questioning. I have no faith in this ideal. *It is necessary that we should reform the methods of educating our girls. They should be taught reliance and a healthy fighting spirit should be infused in them.*"

At the same time, there should be no antagonism between men and women.

There was a warning also from an experienced lady that progress should be made carefully:

"Go forward slowly, but steadily; undertake only those activities which you can fulfill successfully, and remember at the same time that the East cannot blindly follow the West."

(4) A home for women in Madras.

We are glad to hear that the Women's Indian Association has opened a rescue home in Madras. The laudable aims of this refuge are, according to the *Stri-Dharma*:

1. (*a*) to receive and protect such girls and women who from any cause find themselves stranded and helpless;

(*b*) to restore them to their families and relations if any, or to admit them into this home;

2. (*a*) to rescue young women and girls irrespective of caste, creed or community from surroundings calculated to bring about their moral ruin;

(*b*) to give relief and help to all young women who have been led astray and deserted as well as to those recommended by the Madras Vigilance Association;

(*c*) to provide for their moral and spiritual welfare;

3. (*a*) to educate and train them so as to make them good and useful citizens and also make them earn an honourable livelihood;

(*b*) to arrange for their marriages when suitable opportunities arise;

(*c*) to protect expectant unmarried mothers from any possible harm to themselves and to their offspring;

4. to give effect to such methods and projects, as the committee may from time to time adopt, for the protection and help of women and girls and for promoting a high and equal moral standard in sex-relationships.

Such homes are very necessary everywhere; and it is very creditable that the W. I. A. of Madras has at last achieved one of its objects. Some money has already been donated, and the home itself has been furnished by the help of charitable ladies, while the Salvation Army has greatly co-operated. But more money is needed, and it is up to the public of Madras to help largely. Bombay and Calcutta, we are told, are being helped by the government and the municipality; and we hope the same will happen in Madras. As was said by Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi:

"We, who have thought about these matters and who have known the misery behind the veil of silence, should never rest in our happy and comfortable homes, till we find a remedy for all these evils and for all these human sufferings that are certainly avoidable, if knowledge and education of the right kind on these matters are imparted to the erring members of our society."

(5) The Protection of Girls.

At a meeting of the Women's Indian Association, much support was expressed for the *Girls' Protection Bill*, which has been introduced into the Legislative Assembly, by Mr. Raghubir Singh. At the same time some amendments were suggested, the wording of which partly explain the objects of the Bill itself:

(1) This Bill should be amended, not only to include cases of selling of minor girls in marriage to old men for money and other considerations, but should also include cases where parents or guardians allow their daughters to be prostitutes for purposes of profit, as well as cases in which girls are trained purposely for prostitution. The age for the purpose of marriage should be 18 and for the other, there should be no age limit according to the League of Nations resolutions.

(2) (*a*) Minor girls found living in the company of individual prostitutes and the children of the prostitutes should be removed from their custody to a home intended for such girls and maintained by either the government or private philanthropic bodies.

(*b*) Any person, who, either as the guardian or parent of a girl under 18 years

of age, encourages or abets the seduction or prostitution of that girl, shall be punishable with imprisonment for a term over three years, or a fine of Rs. 1,000, or both."

(6) A Child Heroine

The endurance record set up by the ten-year girl, Byramma, cannot be too well spoken of. She actually floated in the water for twelve hours in Bangalore, being fed every two hours, while in water. Such efforts on the part of our girls mean a definite growth of strength of character and should be encouraged, even though an unwelcome notoriety might be another result. Even the latter, however, means the education of public opinion, and a necessary discouragement of the 'inferiority complex' so prevelant among our Indian women.

(7) Education in India

The statistics for the last year in education show progress. At the end of 1932, there were, we are told, 223 arts colleges with 78,044 scholars; 2,801 high schools with 862,513 students; 3,875 English middle schools with an attendance of 410,459, 5,894 Vernacular middle schools with 754,521 students, and 168,835 primary schools with 7,377,257 children. The male students scored a percentage of 6.96 of the population; while the women had only 1.8 per cent, which showed however an increase of 5 per cent to what it was seven years ago. The total money spent on education amounted to Rs. 271,857,000.

(8) A Holiday Home

We are glad to inform our readers that there has been opened a Y.W.C.A. holiday Home at Fairhaven, Naini Tal, where also an *All day Teachers' Conference* will be held on the 21st of June. Christian teachers from North India, who cannot go to the Y.W.C.A. *Anandagiri* at Ootacamund, can avail themselves of this resort. The Hon. Emily Kinnaird, who has often contributed items of Y.W.C.A. interest to our journal, will be there with her kindly and valuable advice. She says: "After the arduous work of teaching, it is all important for teachers to get away from school suroundings and examination papers to the fresh air of the Hills. There are many new dangers arising from present day opportunities for educated girls, and it is for teachers to attract their pupils' thoughts to the higher things of life, and not to let learning be a merely money-making concern."

(9) A Woman glider.

Miss Joan Meakin, an English girl, is, we are told by the *Times of India*, the first woman to fly over the English channel in a *glider*. She was towed by a light aeroplane from Frankfort to Ostend, and then across the channel. At a height of about 2000 feet over Lympne, she cast off the towing cable, and made three loops, one after another. Later, she again cast off the connection and made seven loops. She is now to join Sir Alan Cobham's air-display circus; and has promised to give daily performances before the public, her descent depending on the air-space beneath her. She is only 23 years old, yet has received much flying and gliding instruction from both London and Germany.

(10) A flying record

We are glad to learn of the award of the Hubbard gold medal by the National Geographic Society, to Mrs. A. M. Lindbergh, for "outstanding geographic achievement." This lady is the only woman to fly across the South Atlantic, having flown from America to Japan; and she is an accomplished radio-operator. She helped her husband, Col. Lindbergh, in his flights, travelling with him as co-pilot 29,000 miles in 198 flying hours.

(11) A remarkable woman pilgrim.

The News service of the German Railways Information Bureau makes mention of the lady, Kathl Kopp, who recently died at the age of 83. She was a most remarkable

woman, having made ten pilgrimages to Rome. Starting the first so late as in her 63rd year, she walked through snow, over the Alps, to Italy, with but a few pence in her pocket. Pope Pius, hearing of her extraordinary endurance, was so good as to grant her an audience and give her his Epiphany blessing. In 1914, her second pilgrimage was broken at Trieste, owing to the war. In 1918, she struggled through the war trenches and wires till she reached Rome, half-dead; and was greeted by a message from the then Pope. Again, in 1925, after other pilgrimages, she was received with a kindly blessing by Pope Pius XI. She died at Oberammergau.

(12) A notable woman

Judge Florence E. Allen has yet another success to her name, being the second woman to be appointed to the Federal Circuit Council of Appeals, which is the highest Federal Tribunal, next to the Supreme Court of the U. S. A. We are told that she was the first lady, who was elected to a Supreme Court, serving the state of Ohio thus from 1921. She is a well-educated woman, accomplished in music and speaking. She is moderate in her views, half-way between Liberation and Conservation; and she is a great advocate of woman's rights. We are told that her recipe for action is: "Take one generous dose of persistency and a large measure of industry. Mix thoroughly and season with a goodly portion of sense of humour and several ounces of tact." Such a mixture of qualities will be surely enough to carry an able woman to the height of her ambition.

(13) The memory of mothers

A great tribute, according to the *Hindu*, is paid to the memory of mothers in America. Since May 9, 1914, when President Wilson at the suggestion of a Philadelphia woman, issued the first Proclamation, a Mother's Day has been observed on the second Sunday of May. Now, a Mother's Day stamp is to be issued, at the suggestion of the mothers of American war veterans, the picture being reproduced from Whistler's noble and famous portrait of his beautiful mother, which was painted in 1871, and which is now in the possession of France, being said to be insured for nearly nine million rupees.

(14) Women's work in England

It is pleasant to hear that the Joint Committee, investigating the recommendations regarding the employment of women in England, are of opinion that there should be a "fair field and no favour" for women. *The Times* is reported to have said:

"In future, women will be eligible to fill all administrative posts with the exception of those in the Colonial Office; all executive posts with the exception of those in the Defence Departments; and all clerical posts. Practically all the specialist posts in the Service will also be open to them, provided they possess the necessary qualifications. The committee does not envisage at the present time the recruitment of women to supervisory grades in industrial establishments, or to posts requiring experience in exclusively male trades. The committee proposes that after the departmental reviews have taken place there shall be, within a period of three years, a general review by a joint central body.

"Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness."

SHAKESPEARE.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Orthodoxy in dress.

Those who advocate nudism often argue thus :—" After all, there is no doubt that nudism is healthy. Why should one be so orthodox and conventional as to adhere to an elaborate system of clothing, when one can do without it, and be all the stronger for it ?" Such a plea, no doubt, has its point ; but it often happens that those who are in favour theoretically for drastic changes in fashion, such as nudism, are often the very last in practice even to alter small details in their own form of dressing. By such, even the shortening of a blouse sleeve is looked at askance.

While nudism is the very extreme of unorthodoxy in dress, and no one wishes it to be started in India, there is no doubt that the opposite that is, the wish still to be extremely heavy and conventional in dress, is too often the case with many women in this country. There are a number of ladies who advocate advanced social progress ; but who will insist, merely because they are afraid of public opinion, on wearing most cumbersome clothes, tight necks and heavy jewelry. The lighter and cooler one's dress is, especially in a climate like India, the better it is for the health ; but, whether playing games, or going for walks, or being a guest at a party, such ladies wear the same mode of dress, though the richness of the sari is of course varied. Surely, there ought to be different fashions of dress for each kind of occupation. There is no point in playing tennis in a thick *Kornat* sari, even with a light blouse. There is no point in going to work bedecked with jewels.

In this respect, the West has set an excellent example in prescribing different ways of dressing for different times. Comfort and attractiveness should be the essential qualities in a woman's costume. To adhere to a mode of dress, merely because of custom and the fear of being talked about, seems an anachronism in advancing modern India.

SISTER SUSIE.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) Her First Poem

(A STORY).

PART III—SUCCESS.

Yamuna took her B.A. honours in Literature in her twenty-second year. She went with diffidence to the examination, feeling she would surely fail; and great was her surprise when the results came out, and she found that she had obtained a first class. She was so fond of writing by that time, that she determined to devote the rest of her life to journalism, and therefore started writing occasional articles, stories and verses to various papers. At first, she met with no success, and each time she sent out a contribution to a journal, it was returned with the Editor's thanks. Things were becoming desperate, and Yamuna was thinking of giving up free-lance journalism and taking to teaching, when her mother persuaded her to try for another six months and see what would happen.

" You must not give up an ideal so easily," said her mother. " You like journalism, and you are good at writing, and your verses are becoming stronger and more powerful. Try a little longer, and then, if you don't succeed, take up work in some other field."

So Yamuna tried a little longer—and then, a small verse of hers was accepted by a fairly good magazine one day, and at the end of the month, she actually received a small cheque for it. Great was her excitement, and the encouragement she had received, together with heartening words from her mother, made her work doubly hard until gradually her style became richer, and her writings more interesting. Soon the demand for her work grew. Editors wrote to her, asking for contributions of both prose and verse, until all at once, Yamuna suddenly found that she had made herself a name in the journalistic world.

The climax, however, was yet to come. This happened when one summer morning Yamuna received a type-written letter from a leading publishing firm, asking her to allow it to publish a volume of her poems. It is seldom that a firm takes the responsibility of publishing a book of verses at its own cost; but Yamuna's poems seemed to have reached that standard of merit. In due course, the volume was out, and thence forward Yamuna became quite well-known.

"I owe all my success to you, mother," she said one evening.

"Why, you owe it to yourself, for I discouraged you. Do you remember your first poem, and how grieved you were, because I said it was no good?"

"Yes, I shall never forget that," answered Yamuna; "but I'm so glad you did say it was no good. If you had praised it, I would have become so conceited, I would have written rotten verse all my life. It was because your criticism was so true that I was able to improve. It's awful when parents keep on praising their children, and boasting about them. You discouraged me in the correct way, knowing all the time that that was the best way to encourage me."

P. S.

(*Concluded.*)

(2) Our letter to our young people

DEAR CHILDREN,

I expect most of you will be having your summer holidays now. Some of you must be up in the hills. Is there any other feeling more exhilarating than the idea of having a number of days before you, during which time you can do exactly what you like? For most people, the holidays pass by so rapidly, that it often seems as if they are over even before they have properly begun, and many boys and girls spend their holidays having a thoroughly lazy time, doing nothing definite. Of course, if that is the best way that they can enjoy themselves, they ought to pass their time thus; but it is often very jolly to do something useful during one's holidays.

In summer time every boy and every girl can increase general knowledge, and nature study. It is a time when long walks can be indulged in, especially on the hills, and it seems a pity that these walks are often taken in complete indifference and lack of curiosity regarding the birds, flowers, trees and animals that one invariably sees. You can easily make a walk doubly amusing by trying to take a keen interest in the things you see around you, and learning some thing about them.

Then again, in holiday time you can make things for others, little gifts that will please your elders and keep you interestedly occupied, such as painting, drawing, sewing, fret-work and innumerable other pastimes. Another very useful occupation will be to keep a diary of all that you do and see, or to write little articles on things that interest you.

Above all, most of your time during a holiday should be spent out-doors, having as much fresh air as possible.

Yes, there is nothing so delightful as looking forward to a long spell of summer holidays, and just fancy, most of you are in the midst of them now. I hope you are all having a lovely time.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

OBSERVATIONS

By Maithili.

(1) Dr. Tagore's Music

There is an interesting article in the *Modern Review* about the musical contribution of this great poet to India. "Tagore's poems and plays are saturated with his personality. They are the self-expression of his genius woven into subtle songs of rare charm and melody." Chiefly can this be said of his work in the original Bengali, for there, "poem and music are inseparably one." The growing amount of imported music; the reviving art-music of India herself, and folk-music, are the three modern currents in modern Indian music, as commented on by Dr. A. Bake. All these three had an influence on Tagore, even while he introduced his own innovations into the usual classical tunes, in order to express his *subtle thoughts*. There is to be found also the influence of current philosophy, of the "immanence of the Infinite in the finite, and the struggle of the human spirit for freedom." Thus, his songs are a great and much-needed contribution to India, especially in these days of jazz and syncopation. And the chief beauty of his music is its naturalness. Here is a passage from his reminiscences, which indicates the personality of his musical ideas:

"On other afternoons we would drift along in a boat, my brother Jyotindra accompanying my singing, with his violin. And as, beginning with the Ragini Puravi, we went on varying the mode of our music with the declining day, we saw, on reaching the Raga Behag, the Western sky close the doors of its factory of the golden toys, and the moon in the East rise over the fringe of the trees."

(2) The inventor of the motor car

The German Railways News Service tells us of the 100th anniversary in March of the birth of Gottlieb Daimler, who invented the motor car. Showing a marked talent in mechanics, he started work as a boy in a tool factory at Alsace. He first built a 100 h. p. gas motor. In 1882, in his own workshop at Cannstadt, with the help of William Maybach, he worked on the idea of an automobile. He used a motor first for propelling a boat, making secret excursions at night on the Neckar. Then in 1883, he produced the first combustion motor. In 1884, appeared the world's first motor bicycle. He worked on at the horseless carriage, till in 1890 the Daimler Motor company had been formed. In 1893, he constructed his first "saloon," which became the world's first taxi-cab. In 1898, he won the first prize in a long distance race. His memory is to be kept up by a monument at Schorndorf, his native town.

(3) Easter eggs

Easter is over; and the quaint custom of giving "Easter eggs" has many legends about it. We are told of a few such by the *German Railway Information Bureau.*

An egg laid on Easter Monday is supposed to keep fresh for the year, and if carried in the pocket prevents illness, gives rich harvests and guards against stroke by lightning. An egg laid on Good Friday will put out a fire. Egg duels are fought in Germany, the eggs being held at the larger end.

BOOKS TO READ

The Gita explained :

The Modern Review notices the English version by Mr. Subedar, of the Marathi commentary on the Gita, originally written in the thirteenth century by Dnyananath, and later translated by Pandit Moghe. "We are at once introduced to a work, which is comparatively unknown outside Maharastra, and realise what excellent treatises we have in the Indian vernaculars."

* * * *

The Indian theatre by Dr. Yagnic, published by George Allen and Unwin, England; price Rs. 7½.

This book gathers material about the theatre from many places in India; and contains good advice regarding the modern stage. It also notices the influence of the immortal Shakespeare on modern Indian drama.

* * * *

Kettle Drums, by N. Ramabhadran, Dist. Intelligence branch, Tanjore.

We are glad to notice this book, which is written by none other than *Bharadwaja*, who so kindly writes our *chess* articles. The stories make good reading. The humour in them, the insight into human nature, the variety of subject, and the experiences of a police official, are well worth studying.

* * * *

Prof. Tarachand Roy of Lahore, who is now an Indian Lecturer at the Oriental Seminary of the University of Berlin, sends us the following reviews of German books.

Deutsche Literature.—Reihe Klassik, Vol. 2, Philipp Reclam Jun., Verlag, Leipzig. "Deutsche Literature" is a monumental collection of German Literature. We possess already excellent editions of the works of German writers, poets and philosophers with interesting introductions, in which their personalities are visualised. The present collection follows quite a new plan. It is concerned with the historical development and cultural progress in the ceaseless flow of the German mind. The entire collection will consist of 250 volumes. The plan is, however, not a rigid and inflexible one. It is amenable to changes when these must needs be made.

The present volume (second volume of the Classical Period) is a breviary of the humanistic outlook on life during the German Classical Age. You find herein some of the most important works of German Idealism, which trace and explain its growth out of the ideas of the Reformation Period. The doctrine of toleration is symbolized in Lessing's "Nathan." His famous essay, "On the Education of Mankind", is the clearest manifesto ever written in favour of the principles of a free theology, and of course against dogmas of every kind.

Die Nordische Rasse bei den Indogermanen Asiens.—By Prof. F. K. Guenther, Jena (Germany), J. F. Lehmanns Verlag, Munich, 1934.

Very keen interest is shown in these days in Germany in racial problems, not only of the German people but also of other nations. Prof. Guenther is a well-known writter on this subject. He has published in J. F. Lehmann's Press, Munich, a number of books on Races in Germany, Nobility and Race, Races in Europe, Racial History of the Romans and the Greeks etc. The book under review has just been brought out. It treats of the Nordic race among the Indo-germans of Asia. Prof. Guenther investigates the question of the original home of the Indo-Iranians, goes in quest of the Nordic element in Asia and shows that it has for the most part been engulfed by other races in Asia. Some of the Brahmins of India, especially in the North-West of the country, still preserve it intact. Professor Guenther belongs to that group of European scholars,

who believe in the antipathy of Buddhism towards life. He is of the opinion that Buddhism symbolizes *tedium vitae*. Prof. Guenther seems to forget that the history of Buddhism is brimful of glorious examples of heroic deeds of men and the worldly grandeur of empires. If Prof. Guenther were in the right, no Asoka had been possible, and Japan would not have been able to become such a mighty power in the East. It is very dangerous to ignore the historical achievements of a religion. One should not keep only the doctrines in view, which govern and mould the life of ascetics in Buddhism, but pay attention to its practical aspect which is mirrored in the doings of its votaries as a nation. Moreover, the attitude of a religion changes very often, when the world with its manifold problems rears its head again and again before it. This has been the case with Christianity, too.

I would like to remark here, in order to avoid misunderstanding, that I am not a Buddhist, but a Brahmin from the Punjab.

Die Dichtung Stefan Georges. By Ernst Morwitz, Berlin (Georg Bondi, Verlag), 1934.

The Book of Ernst Morwitz on Stefan George is a very valuable short commentary on the poems of the great German lyric poet, who was gathered to his fathers in Italy only a few months ago. When I asked the German Propaganda Minister, Dr. Goebbels, in July 1933, as to who was the greatest poet of modern Germany, he replied at once "Stefan!"

Stefan George was a poet in the best sense of the word. He was the high priest of poetry. His poems are instinct with a wonderful rhythm. He is a master of architectural style in poetry. It is no exaggeration when I say that his fancy "peoples with golden dreams the stagnant air."

A CHESS PAGE

By Bharadwaja

Queen's Pawn Opening :—

	Alekhine (White)			Bogoljubow. (Black)
1.	P–Q 4	...	...	Kt–K B 3.
2.	P–Q B 4	...	...	P–K Kt 3.
3.	P–B 3	...	...	P–Q 4.
4.	P x P	...	...	Kt x P.
5.	P–K 4	...	...	Kt–Kt 3.
6.	B–K 3	...	...	B–Kt 2.
7.	Kt–B 3	...	...	Kt–B 3.
8.	P–Q 5	...	...	Kt–K 4.
9.	B–Q 4	...	...	P–K B 3.
10.	P–B 4	...	...	Kt–B 2.
11.	P–Q R 4	...	...	P–K 4.
12.	P x P (e.p)	...	...	B x P.
13.	P–R 5	...	...	Kt–Q 2.
14.	P–R 6	...	...	P–Kt 3.
15.	B–Kt 5	...	...	Q–K 2.
16.	K Kt–K 2	...	...	P–Q B 4.

	Alekhine (White)	Bogoljubow. (Black)
17.	B–B 2	Castles. Q R Black's opening play has given him a cramped position and now he is, more or less, forced to take a rather desperate chance.
18.	Q–R 4	P–B 4.
19.	P–K 5	P–Kt 4.
20.	B–B 4	Q Kt x P. White threatens 21 Q–B 6 Ch etc., So, black decides on a desperate sacrifice. 20......Kt–Kt was the alternative.
21.	B x B ch	Q x B.
22.	P x Kt	Kt x P.
23.	Castles	Q–B 5.
24.	P–Q Kt 4, more enterprisin than exchanging.	Q x Kt P.
25.	Q–B 2	Kt–Q 6.
26.	K R–Kt	Q–Q B 5.
27.	R–R 4	Q–K 3.
28.	Kt–Kt 5	K–Kt.
29.	K Kt–Q 4	Q–K 5. Not 29...P x Kt; 30 Q–B 7 ch etc.
30.	Kt–Q B 3	Q–K.
31.	Q x Kt	P x Kt.
32.	B x P	Q–K 3.
33.	Q–B 3	Q–B 2 and Bogoljubow resigns, because 34. B x P makes Alekhine win,—a brilliant game indeed.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

There is a tendency in India, especially among Indians, to despise some things modern as being too bizarre and far-fetched. True, most modern painting, sculpture and poetry is ununderstandable to the ordinary mortal ; but it cannot be denied that modern furnishing and house-decorations have their good points, and would be especially suitable in a hot, dusty country like India, where, "the serene unclut-tered atmosphere of the well-decorated modern room," ought to be of special value.

In the "Century of Progress," Fair in Chicago, thousands of visitors had their "first glimpse of modern ideas in decoration and of household conveniences undreamed-of in years gone by," says "Needlecraft—The Home Arts Magazine." "Over-ornamented picture frames and mirrors, elaborate *suites* of furniture, meaningless patterns—all have disappeared. Today, distinction is arrived at through simplicity and straightforwardness. It is this utter absence of superfluous objects that gives a restful spaciousness and fresh vitatily to a room. By discarding unnecessary objects, a fresh modern touch may be achieved."

Again, "if a smart-topped coffee table, or a crisp contemporary fabric appeals to you, do not hesitate to use it with your older furnishing

Many a room needs exactly the vitalizing touch that pieces of this sort give. The fine features of the contemporary style may be applied to any home, no matter what the style or period of its furnishings. Absence of clutter, pride in fine materials, a keen sense of the beauty of line and form, new uses for new metals and fabrics, combination furniture planned to cut down the number of individual pieces necessary for comfortable living, built-in furniture designed to fit its purpose perfectly, arrangements to have things exactly where they are wanted, easily-polished and cleaned surfaces that cut down domestic labour —— all these things of the new mode are readily understandable and appreciated and will make any home more comfortable and livable."

PADDY.

COOKERY NOTES

Egg dishes

(1) With green peas

Take ½ pint of cooked green peas, put in sauce, pepper, salt and a little sugar, and cook for a few minutes, adding 2 table-spoons of milk or cream at the end. Poach four eggs and place on the surface of the peas in a hot dish. Crisp pieces of fried bread can be added.

(2) With tomatoes

Peel 4 tomatoes, after throwing them for a minute into boiling water. Melt 2 ozs. butter, put in the tomatoes cut into small pieces, a few sliced onions, 2 ozs. of chopped ham: cook for ten minutes, adding pepper and salt. Add 4 well-beaten eggs, cook till the contents become thick, but not hard. Have ready neat pieces of toast, cover each with the mixture and serve with parsley garnish.

(3) With cheese as an omelet

Take 2 eggs; separate the yolks and put into a basin, adding parsley, some chopped onions, pepper, salt, and 2 table-spoons of grated cheese; mix to a cream. Beat up the whites to a very stiff froth and stir lightly into the other mixture. Melt some butter, and put in the omelet quickly, stirring lightly till it sets, then let it brown on the under-side. Double over from both sides to the centre and serve.

(4) Scrambled

Beat up four eggs lightly, and put in with two table-spoons of milk, pepper and salt, into melted butter in a saucepan. Stir till the mixture becomes creamy, and serve on hot toast: sometimes, a little chopped-up ham, or tongue, green peas, or a teaspoon of anchovy essence, can be added.

K. S.

(Edited from *The Woman's Book.*)

NEEDLE-WORK NOTES

(1) Shell stitch in crochet

Make a chain. *For the first row,* do 7 trebles in the first stitch, X, 1 d. c., 7 trebles in the 5th stitch, and repeat from X.

For the 2nd row, do 7 trebles in the d. c., 1 d. c. in the fourth of the seven trebles and repeat.

(2) Picots for edges

For small picots, make a chain, or work on the last row ; 1 single or slip stitch in the corner, X 3 chain, working 1 d. c. in the 2nd, and 1 d. c. in the 1st chain of these three; leave one or two stitches, and repeat from X.

For large picots, X 5 ch. leave 3, 1 treble in the 2nd, and 1 treble in the 1st of these 5 chain, and repeat from X.

For pointed picots : X 6 chain, skip the first, 1 slip into 2nd, 1 plain into 3rd, 1 half-treble into 4th, 1 single treble into 5th, 1 long treble into 6th of these chain stitches ; and repeat from X.

(3) A crochet square

Four chain, join into a ring by a slip stitch into the first stitch, 1 ch., 2 d. c. into 2nd., 3 d. c. into each of the next 3 chain ; 1 d. c. into the stitch in which the first 2 d. c. are worked.

Draw the thread through the next stitch, 1 chain, 2 d. c. into the previous stitch ; 3 d. c. into the second of the first 3 d. c. of the previous row, and 1 d. c. into each of the other stitches.

(4) A crochet star

Make a ring of 3 chain stitches ; 2 d. c. into each of the 3 ; 2 d. c. into each of these last six. In the next rows, increase gradually by making 2 d. c. into each alternate stitch. Continue till size required, then decrease in the same way by lessening one d. c. for every alternate stitch.

"Everyone carries an atmosphere about him. It may be healthful and invigorating, or it may be unwholesome and depressing. It may make a little spot of the world a sweeter and a far better place to live in; or it may make it harder for those to live worthily and beautifully, who dwell within its circle. We are responsible for this atmosphere."

* * * *

"I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

SELECTED.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

April

1. A. S. P. Ayyar, Esq., Anantapur
2. Mrs. Bhima Rao, Madras
3. J. Balaji Rao, Esq., Salem
4. Rudrabhatta Bangarayya, Esq., Vigianagaram
5. S. Krishna Bhagath, Esq., Tellicherry
6. Mrs. Cooke, Ceylon
7. Dr. P. S. Chalapati Rao, Masulipatam
8. Mrs. Cabinet-maker, Coimbatore
9. Mrs. G. A Daniel, Madras
10. K. Doraiswamy Naidu, Esq., Madras
11. Mrs. Engberg, Darjeeling
12. Mrs. Ekambaram, Madras
13. Mrs. S. J. Eapen, Madras
14. Mrs. R. Ittycheria, Mavelikara
15. Mrs. W. E. Joshua, Madras
16. Mrs. Kunnikannan, Cannanore
17. Mrs. G. L. Lobo, Vellore
18. Miss V. Lakshmanan, Jubbulpore
19. Mrs. R. Lakshmanaswamy, Madras
20. The Rani of Munagala, Madras
21. Miss Marshall, Vellore
22. Mrs. E. J. Nicholls, Dindigul
23. Mrs. K. S. Narayana Murty, Guntur
24. L. V. Narasimha Sastri, Esq., Ongole
25. Mrs. Naraya Nair, Madras
26. Dr. Paru, Cannanore
27. Mrs. V. Pai, Hosur
28. Mrs. A. K. Raghavan, Palghat
29. The Hon. P. T. Rajan, Madras
30. N. Ramabhadran, Esq., Tanjore
31. Secy. P. R. College Stores, Coconada
32. Secy. Ladies' Recreation Club, Madras
33. Secy. Ladies' Club, Trichinopoly
34. Secy. Ladies' Club, Mangalore
35. Secy. Ladies' Branch, N.I.A., Coimbatore
36. Secy Public Library and Reading Room, Trichur
37. B.E M. Girls' High School, Calicut
38. Mrs. Sri Hari, Madras
39. K. S. Sreenivasa Iyengar, Esq., Dindigul
40. Mrs. Subbaroya Sastri, Ellore
41. Mrs. G. Samuel, Palayangadi
42. Mrs. Sarojini Devi, Hyderabad
43. G. Sreenivasa Iyer, Esq., Dindigul
44. Mrs. Sakuntala Sankunny, Trichendur
45. G. P. Therian, Esq., Erode
46. Mrs. K. S. Thimayah, Ernakulam
47. Mrs. Thamban, Coimbatore
48. S. Venkateswaran, Esq., Guntur

May.

1. Mrs. H. Amarasuriya, Ceylon
2. Mrs. Ansari, Bapatla
3. Ch. Balakrishna Sastri Esq., Masulipatam
4. Mrs. C. H. Gadsden, Madras
5. Dr. L. G. Green, Ghaziabad
6. A. V. Govinda Menon, Esq., Salem
7. Mrs. S. K. Ghosh, Rungamati
8. Miss Hoon, Cawnpore
9. Mrs. D. Isaacs, Dehra Dun
10. Srimati Jesua Bala Devi, Kurseong
11. Mrs. T. Murari, Hosur
12. W. H. Mitchell, Esq., Ootacamund
13. Miss M. L. Perril, Pithoragarh
14. Mrs. P. Ramalingam, Tellicherry
15. Ramaswamy Iyengar, Esq., Sivagunga
16. Mrs. S. K. Rudra, Allahabad
17. Srimati K. Rungamamba, Bapatla
18. 20, Government Women's Schools and Colleges,—Rs. 70
19. M. Somasundram, Esq., Poonoor
20. Mrs. Sinnatamby, Ceylon
21. Lady Supt, Johnson Girls' High School, Jubbulpore—Rs. 7
22. Mrs. P. Sanjivi Rao, Madras
23. Secy. Adyar Library, Madras
24. Dr. S. Tampy Pillai, Ceylon
25. A. Venkata Rao, Esq., Ganguli
26. Mrs. A. Verghese, Chowghat
27. M.R.Ry. Kumaramuthu Venkatathri Avl, Idayacottai
28. Dr. C. T. Williams, Ceylon
29. H. K. P. De Zylva, Esq., Ceylon

Streets of Peking.

പെക്കിങ്ങ് നഗരത്തിലെ തെരുവുകൾ.

എല്ലാ ദേശാന്തരങ്ങളേയും സംസ്കാരങ്ങളേയും നാനാ ജാതികളേയും പ്രദർശിപ്പിക്കുന്ന ഒരു നഗരമാണ് പെക്കിങ്ങ്. പൌരസ്ത്യ പട്ടണങ്ങൾ സാമാന്യേന വർത്തിക്കുന്നതുപോലെ വൈപരീത്യ വിശേഷങ്ങളുള്ള ഒരു നഗരമാണ് ഇതു്.

നാലായിരത്തി എണ്ണൂറു തെരുവുകളോടു കൂടിയ ഈ മനോഹര നഗരത്തിൽ പതിനഞ്ചു ലക്ഷത്തിലധികം ചീനക്കാർ നിവസിക്കുന്നു. പെക്കിങ്ങ് നഗരത്തിലെ തെരുവുകളിൽ കൂടി നടന്നാൽ ജീവചൈതന്യത്തെ കണ്ട് അഭിനന്ദിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കും. ഇരു വശങ്ങളിലും വൃക്ഷങ്ങൾ വരിയായി നട്ടു പിടിപ്പിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളവയും കല്ലു പതിച്ചവയുമായ പരിഷ്കരിച്ച വീഥികൾ. അവകളോടു കൂടിത്തന്നെ വളഞ്ഞും പിരിഞ്ഞും വിസ്താരം കുറഞ്ഞും ചെളികെട്ടിയുമുള്ള ഇടവഴികളും: ഏകദേശം അമ്പതിനായിരം റിക്ഷാവണ്ടികളും എമ്പതിനായിരം ചവിട്ടുവണ്ടികളും വലുതും ചെറുതുമായ കഴുതകളേയും ഒട്ടകങ്ങളേയും പൂട്ടിയ വണ്ടികളും ഇവയുടെ ഇടയിൽ കൂടി ഭയങ്കരശബ്ദങ്ങൾ പുറപ്പെടുവിച്ചുംകൊണ്ട് ത്വരയായി ഓടുന്ന മോട്ടോർ വണ്ടികളും; കാക്കിയുടുപ്പു ധരിച്ച പൊല്ലീസ്സുകാർ ദുർഘടസ്ഥലങ്ങളിൽ വാഹനങ്ങളെ വഴി തിരിച്ചുവിടുന്നതും യാത്രക്കാരെ കയററാനായി വഴിമദ്ധ്യത്തിൽ നിറുത്തുന്നതിലധികം പ്രാവശ്യം തെണ്ടിനടക്കുന്ന ശകടങ്ങളെ നിരത്തു മുറിഞ്ഞുകടക്കാൻ അനുവദിക്കുന്നതിന്ന് ഇടക്കിടക്കുനിന്ന് ഓടിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന ത്വരിത ഗതികളായ ബസ്സുകളും; മത്സ്യം നിറച്ചപോലെ മനുഷ്യരെ കുത്തിനിറച്ചുകൊണ്ട് ഓടിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന വാടക വണ്ടികളും അവിടെ കാണാം. അടുത്തടുത്തായി ഒരേ വീഥിയിൽത്തന്നെ ആധുനിക കാലങ്ങൾക്കനുസരിച്ച സാമാനങ്ങൾ ക്രയം ചെയ്യുന്ന പാണ്ടികശാലകളും നാനാവിധസാമാനങ്ങൾ വില്ക്കുന്ന ഇരുട്ടടഞ്ഞ ചെറുപീടികകളും ഉണ്ടായിരിക്കും. അതിന്നുംപുറമെ ഈ സ്ഥലങ്ങളുടെ മുൻവശത്തുള്ള ഇടവഴികളിൽ പകുതിപ്പട്ടിണിക്കാരായ ചില്ലറക്കച്ചവടക്കാർ വെളുത്ത തുണികൾ വിരിച്ചു കുടങ്ങൾ, ഭരണികൾ, ദൈവപ്രതിമകൾ, പരിഷ്കരിച്ച കത്തികൾ, മുറിമരുന്നുകൾ, ചീപ്പുകൾ, വത്തക്കവിത്തുകൾ, കടല, പഴയ കുപ്പികൾ, തുണിക്കഷണങ്ങൾ, തുരുമ്പുപിടിച്ച ഇരുമ്പുകഷണങ്ങൾ മുതലായവയും പല സാധനങ്ങളും നിരത്തിവെച്ചു വില്ക്കാൻ തെയ്യാറായിരിക്കുന്നതുകാണാം. ഇടിഞ്ഞുപൊളിഞ്ഞ പഴയ ദേവാലയങ്ങളുടെ ഇടയിൽതന്നെ പരിഷ്കരിച്ച നിലയിൽ വൃത്തിയായി സൂക്ഷിച്ചുവരുന്ന ബുദ്ധമതക്ഷേത്രങ്ങളും ടാവോയിസ്റ്റ്, കൺഫൂഷിയസ്സ്, ക്രിസ്തു, ഈ മതക്കാരുടെ ക്ഷേത്രങ്ങളും

പള്ളികളും, ബുദ്ധൻ, ടാവോട്സ്, കൺഫ്യൂഷിയസ്സ്, ക്രിസ്തു മുതലായ ദേവന്മാരുടെ മാഹാത്മ്യത്തെ ഉൽഘോഷിക്കുന്നു. അവിടവിടെ ഇസ്ലാം പ്രസ്താപകന്റെ സ്മാരകങ്ങളായ പള്ളികളുമുണ്ട്. ആഭാസങ്ങളായ കുടിലുകളുടെ അരികെത്തന്നെ മനോഹരങ്ങളായ ഉദ്യാനങ്ങളും തോട്ടങ്ങളും ആകർഷണീയങ്ങളായ മേല്പുരകളോടുകൂടിയ അരമനകളും കാണാം. ചീനസാമ്രാജ്യ ചക്രവർത്തിമാർക്ക് ദേവാരാധനക്കായി പരിശുദ്ധമായി വെളുത്ത വെണ്ണക്കല്ലുകൊണ്ടു പണിചെയ്തതും, മനോഹരമായ കൊത്തുവേലകൾ ചെയ്തതും, ഭംഗിയുള്ള മൂന്നു മേടകളോടുകൂടിയതുമായ സ്വർഗ്ഗമണ്ഡപവും അവിടെയുണ്ട്.

ജനങ്ങൾ അധിവസിക്കുന്നതായ തെരുവുകൾ ആഭാസ നിറത്തിലുള്ള ചുമരുകളുടെ പിൻഭാഗത്തുള്ള മനോഹരതയെ മറയ്ക്കുന്നു. എന്നാൽ അവയുടെ അന്തർഭാഗങ്ങളിൽ വിലമതിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കാത്ത നിധികളുണ്ട്. ഒരു മുററത്തുനിന്ന് മറെറാന്നിലേക്കു കടന്നാൽ വൃക്ഷങ്ങളും ചെറു ഉദ്യാനങ്ങളുമുള്ളതായ മുററങ്ങളിൽക്കൂടി കടന്നു ചീനക്കാരന്റെ ഗൃഹത്തിലെ സൽക്കാര മുറിയിൽ എത്തിച്ചേരും. ഭംഗിയുള്ള പ്രതിമകളും, ചിത്രങ്ങളും കൊണ്ട് അലങ്കരിച്ചതാണിസ്ഥലം. ചീനക്കാർക്കു ബാഹ്യാഡംബരങ്ങളിൽ ഭ്രമമില്ല. ഗ്രാമ്യങ്ങളായ ആഡംബരങ്ങൾ അവരുടെ ജാത്യാചാരങ്ങൾക്ക് വിരോധമാണ്. അതുകൊണ്ടു പുറം ആഭാസമായിരുന്നാലും അന്തർഭാഗം ഭംഗിയുള്ളതായിട്ടാണ് അവരുടെ വാസസ്ഥലങ്ങളുടെ സ്വഭാവം.

വീടുകൾക്ക് ഒരു നില മാത്രമേ ഉണ്ടാവുകയുള്ളു. നീല നിറമായ ആകാശവും പച്ച നിറത്തിലുള്ള വൃക്ഷങ്ങളും കുംഭഗോപുരങ്ങൾപോലെ അവയെ മൂടി നിൽക്കുന്നു. ഈ സംഗതികൾകൊണ്ടും അവരുടെ എടുപ്പുകളുടെ ആകൃതികൊണ്ടും പെക്കിങ്ങ നഗരം പതിനഞ്ചു ലക്ഷം നിവാസികളുള്ള ഒന്നാണെങ്കിലും ഒരു ഗ്രാമം പോലെയാണ് കാഴ്ചക്ക് തോന്നുക. തെരുവിൽനിന്നു കടന്നു വൃക്ഷങ്ങൾ നട്ടുപിടിപ്പിച്ച നിശ്ശബ്ദമായ മുററങ്ങളിൽക്കൂടി ഗൃഹത്തിൽ എത്തിച്ചേർന്നാൽ ഒരു ഉൾനാട്ടിലെ ഭവനത്തിൽ പ്രവേശിച്ചതുപോലെയാണ് തോന്നുക.

സംസ്കാരദൃഷ്ട്യാ നോക്കുന്നതായാൽ പെക്കിങ്ങ് നഗരമാണ് ചൈനയിൽ പ്രധാനമായത്. സാമ്രാജ്യകലാശാലയും പുസ്തകശാലയും ഇവിടെയാണ് സ്ഥാപിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നത്. 265 വിദ്യാലയങ്ങളും ശാസ്ത്രപരിശീലന കേന്ദ്രങ്ങളുമുള്ളതായ ഈ നഗരം സംശയം കൂടാതെ ചീനാസാമ്രാജ്യത്തിന്റെ സംസ്കാരകേന്ദ്രം തന്നെ. ഇവിടെത്തന്നെയാണ് ലോകത്തിലുള്ള ഒരുത്തമ വൈദ്യവിദ്യാലയവും സ്ഥാപിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നത്. റോക്ക് ഫെല്ലർ എന്ന ധർമ്മിഷ്ടനായ കുബേരൻ സ്ഥാപിച്ച ഈ വിദ്യാലയത്തിൽ പ്രാചീന ബിഷഗ്വരന്മാരുടെ ബിരുദപ്രദർശനങ്ങൾ നടന്നുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നതിൻമദ്ധ്യേ തന്നെ വൈദ്യശാസ്ത്രത്തിൽ ഏററവും പരിഷ്കരിച്ച ചികിത്സാമാർഗ്ഗങ്ങളെ പര്യേഷണം ചെയ്തു വരുന്നു. ചീനഭാഷയിലും ജാപ്പാൻ ഭാഷയിലും, ഇംഗ്ലീഷു ഭാഷയിലും, ഫ്രെഞ്ചു ഭാഷയിലും വൃത്താന്ത പത്രങ്ങളും മാസികകളും ഇവിടെ പ്രസിദ്ധപ്പെടുത്തിവരുന്നു. എല്ലാ

ആഴ്ചകളിലും സ്വദേശ്യവും വിദേശ്യവുമായ നാടകം, പാട്ടുകച്ചേരി, കരകൌശലപ്രദൎശനങ്ങൾ മുതലായവ ഇവിടെ നടന്നുവരുന്നു. സാമുദായികമായും മതപരമായുമുള്ള പല ഉത്സവങ്ങളും പട്ടണത്തിൽ ഓരോ ഭാഗങ്ങളിൽ ദിവസേന നടന്നുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കും ഈ ഉത്സവസ്ഥലങ്ങളിൽ ബുദ്ധമതം, കൺഫൂഷിയസ്സ് മതം, ടാഓേടസ് മതം ഇവകൾ സംബന്ധിച്ച ദേവാരാധനകൾ ആഘോഷിച്ച നടത്തുന്നു. ഈ സ്ഥലങ്ങളിൽ ചില്ലറ കച്ചവടക്കാർ വ്യാപാരം നടത്തുന്നതും ചെപ്പിടിവിദ്യക്കാർ വിദ്യകൾ കാട്ടുന്നതും ഭിക്ഷക്കാർ ഉപജീവനത്തിന്ന യാചിക്കുന്നതും, സ്തുതി പാഠകരും മററും ജനങ്ങളെ വിനോദിപ്പിക്കുന്നതും ചെറുബാലന്മാർ ആഹ്ലാദിക്കുന്നതും കാണാം. ഇതുകളെല്ലാം ശരിക്ക് ഇന്ത്യയിൽ കാണുന്നതു മാതിരിതന്നെ നടന്നുവരുന്നതുകൊണ്ട് അവിടെ ചെന്നിട്ടുള്ള ഇന്ത്യക്കാരൻ താൻ ഇന്ത്യയിലോ ചൈനയിലോ എന്നു സംശയിച്ചുപോകുന്നു.

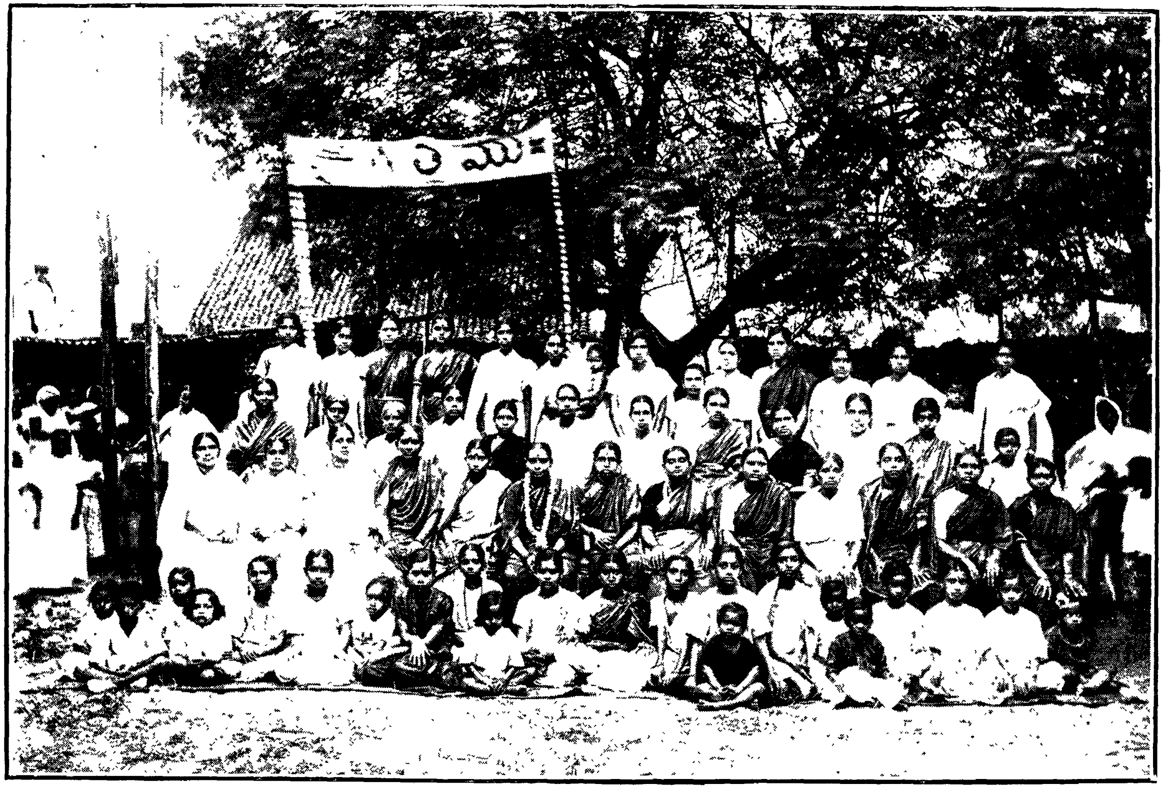
ചന്തസ്ഥലങ്ങളിൽനിന്ന പുറത്തിറങ്ങിയാൽ തെരുവുകളിൽ തന്നെ നാം പിന്നേയും എത്തുന്നു. ഓരോ തെരുവിന്നും അവിടെ വ്യാപാരം ചെയ്യുന്ന സാമാനങ്ങളുടെ പേരായിരിക്കും. കൽത്തെരുവ്, കസവു തെരുവ്, പാനീസ്സ് തെരുവ് മുതലായ പേരുകളാണ്. നീലക്കല്ല്, വെളുത്തകല്ല്, കറുത്തകല്ല്, റോസ് നിറത്തിലുള്ള കല്ല് ഇവകൾ തട്ടുകളിൽ നിറച്ചുവെച്ചിരിക്കും. ചുവപ്പും, പച്ചയും, നീലയും നിറത്തിൽ വിചിത്ര തയ്യൽ വേലചെയ്ത പട്ടുകൾ - കാശ്മീരത്തിലുണ്ടാക്കുന്നവയെക്കാൾ ഒട്ടും താണതരത്തിലല്ലാത്തവ ഇവിടെ കാണാം. പലേ നിറത്തിലും വലിപ്പത്തിലുമുള്ള പാനിസ്സുകൾ വരിവരിയായി ഒന്നിന്നു മീതെ ഒന്നായി വെച്ചിരിക്കും. എല്ലാ നിറത്തിലും വാ.. നയിലുമുള്ള പുഷ്പങ്ങളും ഇവിടെ കാണാം.

പെക്കിങ്ങ് പട്ടണത്തിലെ പ്രധാന പാതയിൽ കൂടി ജാപ്പാൻ പട്ടാളക്കാർ ആഹ്ലാദത്തോടെ പാടിക്കൊണ്ട് നാലു പേർ ഒരു വരിയിലായി അണിനിരന്നു പോകുന്നതു കാണാം. അഭിമാനഭംഗത്താൽ മൌഢ്യരായ ചീനക്കാർ അവരെ നോക്കി നില്ക്കുന്നു. എന്തൊരു സംയമനശക്തി! നിസ്സാര തെരുവുകളിൽ നീളംകുറച്ചു മുറിച്ചു ചീകി കമ്പിളി നൂൽകൊണ്ട് കെട്ടിയ തലമുടിയുള്ള കുട്ടികൾ നിരത്തിൽ ക്രീഡിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നതിന്നിടയിൽ അപരിചിതർ കടന്നുപോകുന്നതു കണ്ടാൽ അത്ഭുതസൂചകമായ ശബ്ദങ്ങൾ പുറപ്പെടുവിക്കുകയും മറെറാരു ദിക്കിൽ ഉണങ്ങിയ കായ്കൾ വറക്കുന്ന മൺപാത്രങ്ങളുടെ ചുററും കൂടി ഓരോ പിടി വാരിത്തിന്നാൻ കാത്തുനില്ക്കുന്നതും കാണാം. തെരുവിൽ വില്ക്കുന്ന മധുരസാധനങ്ങൾ വാങ്ങിതിന്നരുതെന്നു വിലക്കികൊണ്ട് കുട്ടികളെ വീട്ടിനകത്തേക്ക് അമ്മമാർ പിടിച്ചുവലിക്കുന്നു. അമ്മമാരുടെ മുഖത്ത് കുടുംബഭാരം വഹിക്കുവാനുള്ള ത്രാണിയും ദയയും സ്ഫുരിക്കുന്നു. എല്ലാ പ്രായത്തിലുമുള്ള സ്ത്രീപുരുഷന്മാർ ചൂടുള്ള പുഴുങ്ങിയ വള്ളിക്കിഴങ്ങുകൾ വാങ്ങിതിന്നുന്നതുകാണാം. അപൂൎവ്വമായി ചില സ്ഥലങ്ങളിൽ പരിഷ്കാരികളായ ചീനയുവതികൾ സിഗരട്ടു വലിച്ചു മരച്ചട്ടയിലിട്ടു കാലടികൾ ചെറുതാക്കിയിട്ടുള്ള മുത്തശ്ശിമാരോടും മററു സ്ത്രീകളോടും സംഭാഷണം ചെയ്തു നില്ക്കുന്നതും കാണാം.

നിറപ്പകിട്ടുള്ള മുഖമണ്ഡപങ്ങളോടുകൂടിയ വില്പനസ്ഥലങ്ങൾ ഇല്ലാതിരുന്നാൽ പെക്കിങ്ങിലെ തെരുവുകളുടെ സ്ഥിതി എന്തായിരിക്കും. റിക്ഷാ വണ്ടിക്കാർ ചാഞ്ചാടി നടക്കുന്നതും പൊടി അണിഞ്ഞ ഭിക്ഷക്കാരൻ ആശയോടെ നോക്കിനില്ക്കുന്നതും, അവിടെവിടെയായി നില്ക്കുന്ന പുരാതന വൃക്ഷങ്ങളുടെ ഗംഭീര നിഴലുകളും, കല്യാണ ഘോഷയാത്രയിൽ ചുവപ്പു നീല മുതലായ വിവിധ വർണ്ണങ്ങളിലുള്ള വസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ ധരിച്ച ഗായകന്മാർ സ്വദേശീയവും, വിദേശീയവുമായ വാദ്യങ്ങൾ മേളിച്ചും വർണ്ണക്കൊടികൾ പറപ്പിച്ചും സ്വർണ്ണഢക്കകളടിച്ചും വധൂവരന്മാരെ കൈപ്പല്ലക്കിൽ എടുത്തുകൊണ്ടു ഘോഷയാത്രചെയ്യുന്നതും, കൺഫൂഷിയസ്സിൻെറ മതനിശ്ചയപ്രകാരം ഉത്സവഘോഷയാത്രപോലെ മരിച്ചവരെ ജീവനുള്ളവരുടെ നിലയിൽ കരുതി നടത്തുന്ന ശവസംസ്കാര ആഘോഷങ്ങളും, ഇതിനും പുറമെ തെരുവുകളിൽ കാബേജ്, പയറ്, ഉരുളക്കിഴങ്ങ്, മുറായി, കളിസ്സാമാനങ്ങൾ, മണ്ണെണ്ണ മുതലായ സാമാനങ്ങൾ വില്ക്കാൻ നടക്കുന്നവരുടെ രാഗത്തിലുള്ള വിളിയും ഇല്ലായിരുന്നാൽ പെക്കിങ്ങിലെ തെരുവുകളുടെ സ്ഥിതിയെപ്പററി വിചാരിക്കാൻ വയ്യ.

ഇതാണു പെക്കിങ്ങ് നഗരം. ഒരേ സമയത്തുതന്നെ പുരാതനവും, മദ്ധ്യകാലവും, ആധുനികകാലവുമായ നിലയിൽ ഇതിനെ കാണാം. തങ്ങളുടെ സ്വദേശസംസ്കാരത്തിൽ ദൃഢമായി ബന്ധിക്കപ്പെട്ടിട്ടുണ്ടെങ്കിലും പാശ്ചാത്യരുടെ പരിഷ്കാരത്തിൽ അവക്കു യോജിച്ചതായ ഭാഗങ്ങൾ കൈക്കൊള്ളാൻ ചീനക്കാർ എപ്പോഴും തയ്യാറാണ്. ചീനക്കാരൻ മന്ദഗതിക്കാരനായിരിക്കാം. എന്നാലും അവൻ ചവിട്ടുവണ്ടി ഓടിക്കയും മോട്ടോർകാർ നടത്തുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നതുകൊണ്ടു് അവൻെറ ഗതി ലോകത്തിലുള്ള മററുള്ളാളുകളുടേതുപോലെയും ചിലപ്പോൾ അധികരിച്ചും ത്വരിതമായിട്ടാണിരിക്കുന്നതു്.

Translated by P. Menon.



The Ladies' Club at Bapatla

The lady seated to the left of the President is Srimati Kanuparti Varalakshmamma Garu, who has kindly written us the Telugu article of this number.

కీ. శే. శ్రీమతి కొటికలపూడి సీతమ్మగారు.

ఆంధ్రదేశమునందు స్త్రీల యభివృద్ధికై కృషి చేసినవారు. కీ. శే. శ్రీయుత కందుకూరి వీరేశలింగము పంతులుగారు, వారితో బాటు స్త్రీల యభివృద్ధికై పాటుబడిన యువతీమణి శ్రీమతి కొటికలపూడి సీతమ్మగారు. ముప్పది నలుబదేండ్లకు పూర్వము మన ఆంధ్రస్త్రీల స్థితి మిక్కిలి శోచనీయముగానుండెను. స్త్రీలు చదువుకొనుట, సభలకు వెళ్లుట, స్త్రీ సమాజములు స్థాపించుట మున్నగు కృత్యములు సంఘములో ఆక్షేపణీయములుగా నుండెను. ఆడుది చదువుకొనిన మగనికి ఆయుఃక్షీణమని మూర్ఖులగు ఛాందసులు విద్యాభిరతిగల స్త్రీలను భయపెట్టి చదువునుండి విరమింపజేయుచుండిరి. ఆ దినములలో శ్రీమతి సీతమ్మగారు శ్రీ వీరేశలింగము పంతులుగారి ప్రోత్సాహమువలన ముందుకువచ్చి స్వసంఘ శ్రేయమునకై మిక్కిలి కృషిచేసెను. శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు గొప్పవిదుషి, కవయిత్రి. సంఘ సేవాపరాయణ, భక్తితత్పర, శ్రీ వీరేశలింగము పంతులుగారివలెనే యీమెకును పరిశుద్ధాస్తికమతమునందు విశ్వాసము. విగ్రహారాధనమునందు విశ్వాస తక్కువ. సగుణోపాసనకంటె నిర్గుణోపాసనయందే యీమెకు మిక్కిలి నమ్మకము.

శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు గ్రంథకర్త్రి. సాధురక్ష శతకము, అహల్యాబాయి, పద్యభగవద్గీత మున్నగు గ్రంథములు వ్రాసిరి. గ్రంథములేగాక పెక్కు వ్యాసములనుగూడ వ్రాసి సీతమ్మగారు అప్పుడప్పుడు పత్రికలు పంపుచుండిరి.

శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు ఆంధ్రదేశమునందలి యనేక స్త్రీ సమాజ వార్షికోత్సవముల కనేకమారు లధ్యక్షత వహించియుండిరి. ప్రథమాంధ్ర మహాసభతోబాటు జరిగిన ప్రథమ మహిళా సభకుగూడ అధ్యక్షత వహించిరి. శ్రీ సతమ్మగారు గొప్పవక్త. కావున తాను అధ్యక్షత వహించినప్పుడు గొప్ప యుపన్యాసములు చేయుటేగాక యితర సమయములందుగూడ యేసందర్భమున నెచ్చటికి వెళ్లినను స్త్రీల సమావేశములను జరిపి చక్కని యుపన్యాసము లిచ్చుచుండెడివారు.

శ్రీ సీతమ్మ మొదటినుండియు నారోగ్యముగలవారుకారు. సదా కాసామయముచే పీడింపబడుచుండిరి. సాంసారిక చిక్కులుగూడ నామె నధికముగా బాధించుచుండెను. అయినను విద్యావతియు, ధైర్యవతియు, సతతదేశహితైకకార్యతత్పరయునగు శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు వీనినేవియు లక్ష్యపెట్టక కడవఱకు తమ సేవావ్రతమును కడునిష్ఠతో సాగించిరి.

భర్తృ మరణానంతరము శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు బహిరంగ సభలలో పాల్గొను కృత్యములను దాదాపుగా విరమించిరి. అదేసమయమున వారు ఆర్థిక చిక్కులతో శ్రమజెందుచుండగా, స్వర్గీయ శ్రీపీఠికాపుర మహారాజ్ఞీగారు. వారిని చేరదీసి ఆదరించి వారి సంరక్షణ భారము వహించిరి. విదుషీమణియగు శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు విద్యాప్రియయగు శ్రీ మహారాజ్ఞీగారి యాస్థానపండితగా నాదరింపబడుటచే "మణినావలయం, వలయేన మణిర్మణి నావలయేన విభాతి కరః" అన్నటులు రాణించిరి. తొలుదొల్త శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు మహారాణిగారికి యాంధ్ర సాహితిని కవితను గఱపుటకై పిలుచుకొనిపోబడిరి. కాని చిర సాహచర్యముచే వారిలో నేర్పడిన స్నేహ సౌహార్ద్రము, సదా సజ్జన గోష్ఠియందును, పారమార్థిక విచారణయందును, విద్యావ్యాసంగమునందును సహపాఠినులనుగా జేసి వారి స్నేహవల్లరిని దృఢతరము గావించినది.

శ్రీ మహారాజ్ఞీగారు గతించిన యీ వత్సరమునుండియు శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు పుడమిపై నుండియు, లేనట్టులుండి కడచిన ఫిబ్రవరి నెలలో పిఠాపురమునందు జరిగిన ప్రథమ మహారాణీగారి మృత సాంవత్సరిక సభలో కడసారి యుపన్యసించి తమ కృతజ్ఞతను వెల్లడించి గతనెల అయిదవ తేదీని యిహలోకమును బాసిరి.

శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారి జీవితము ఆదర్శనీయమైనది. స్వయం కృషిచే నాంధ్ర సాహితియందు పాండిత్యమలవర్చుకొని గ్రంథములు వ్రాసియు, యుపన్యాసము లిచ్చియు, స్వదేశ స్వమత స్వసంఘ స్వజాత్యభ్యుదయమునకై చేయగల కృషి చేసి తమ ధర్మము నిర్వర్తించి "పరోపకారార్థ మిదం శరీరమ్మ"ను నార్యోక్తిని సార్థక మొనర్చి కీర్తిశేషులైరి. నిజముగా నిట్టి ధన్యజీవనల చరిత్రములు లోకహితమునకై పాటుబడ నెంచెడి యింతులకు మేలిబంతులుగదా.

THE SCHOLAR

ANNUL 1931

BRIGHT, SPICY ARTICLES
GAY, SERIOUS, DESCRIPTIVE, NARRATIVE
AND
NUMEROUS PICTURES.

Mono-tone and Tri-Colour, Price As. 12/-

Order your copy at once

Note: One year subscribers will get the Annual copy free,
Subscription Rs. 3/- a year.

APPLY TO: THE MANAGER, **THE SCHOLAR,** PALGHAT.

Begun in 1890. Thirty-Eighth year of publication

THE INDIAN SOCIAL REFORMER

Edited by—K. Natarajan

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
STANDS FOR ALL ROUND PROGRESS
SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Inland ... Rs. 7-8 (Post Free) Foreign ... Rs. 10 (Post Free)

Single copies of the current month, if available, can be had at Two Annas each, exclusive of postage. Back numbers of the year, 4 annas; issues of previous years, 6 annas.

For Advertisement rates please apply to—The Manager,

"The Indian Social Reformer"

Naysari Chambers, Outram Road, for BOMBAY

G.S.LD.

WHAT Lovely Dress for Ladies these Indian Experts make nowadays—not only for Indians—but for Ladies of any Nationality.

LATEST STYLES IN LADIES' APPARELS
IN WIDE RANGE—ALWAYS IN STOCK.

THE
GENERAL SWADESHIS, Ld.
Eplanade, :: MADRAS.

G.S.LD.

SCHOOL GIRLS AT KOLATAM

[PHOTO SENT BY N. RAMABHADRAN TANJORE.]

19 AUG 1934